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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

Dear Sir,

The inclosed forms part of a considerable work on languages, and marks the principles by which I have been able to learn with facility all the languages of Europe, and most of those which are used in Asia. If you think it will be amusing to your numerous readers, I shall be happy.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Joseph Townsend.

Of the Spanish Language. *By the Rev.* Joseph Townsend, *M.A. Author of Travels in Spain.*

The Spanish is a mixture of a great variety of languages, left either by the first settlers in the country, or by subsequent invaders.

We learn from Strabo and from Pliny, that the Celts were among the most ancient inhabitants of the Asturias and of Biscay.

Agreeable to this report, I found much Galic and some Welch in various parts of Spain, but more especially in the fore-mentioned province. Of Gallicia I can say nothing from personal acquaintance, but the name of this province speaks for itself.

The language of Biscay is Iberian, brought from Africa, and still spoken by the mountaineers of Mauritania. This, according to Mariana, was not confined to the Cantabri, but was common to all Spain.

It is probable, that the Phœnicians sent colonies to the sea coast, and we know that the Carthaginians, their descendants, established themselves in Spain. After these were conquered by the Scipios, Rome acquired dominion, and Spain became subject, in succession, to the Romans, Vandals, Alans, Suevi, Silinges, Goths, and Moors.

Hence it is that we observe such a mixture of languages in Spain. Cantabric, Carthaginian, Roman, Gothic, and Arabic. But among these the most prevalent is Romance, or corrupted Latin.

From the nature of these corruptions it appears that, after the first irruption of the Romans, the rude inhabitants adopted, as far as they were able, the language of the conquerors, because, as vassals, or as Serfs, they were solicitous to attract the notice and secure the favour of their lords.

Had the Romans been few in number, they would have learnt the language of the vanquished. But, as they were numerous, they disarmed the natives and divided the lands among themselves. Hence the peasantry found a new language necessary to qualify themselves for pleading their own cause in the courts, before which they had occasion to appear.

But when, on the dissolution of the Roman empire, Gothic hordes pressed forward to the south, and passed the Pyrenees, finding the peasants both dispirited and disarmed, they made an easy conquest of the country. Being, however, comparatively few in number, they found it expedient to learn, as well as they were able, the language of their vassals.

Hence in Spain we may refer the corruption of the Roman language to two epochs, and may expect to find it exceedingly depraved.

Of the Spanish in its Derivatives from Latin.

1st. Like the Italian, it takes, for its nominative case, the ablative of Latin. As for instance, *huevo*, ovum; *oro*,

aurum; *poco*, paucus; *aspid*, aspis; *carne*, caro; *diente*, dens; *ladron*, latro; *negro*, niger; *nieve*, nix; *obre*, opus; *pared*, paries; *padre*, pater; *parte*, pars; *plebe*, plebs; *toro*, taurus; *torpe*, turpis; *virgen*, virgo; *liebre*, lepus. In these examples, attention was evidently paid to the regular declensions of the Latin. But when we observe *cuerpo* for corpore, *tiempo* for tempore, and instead of homine find *hombre*; we instantly discern the rude efforts of a barbarous people to learn a language which was not their own.

It is thus we account for *lumbre*, lumen; *legumbre*, legumen; *mansedumbre*, mansuetudo; *vombre*, nomen; *sangre*, sanguis.

2d. It rejects the aspirate in pronunciation, although pertinaciously retained in its orthography, or even assumes it without authority.

3d. It is fond of abbreviation.—*Baño*, balneum; *beber*, bibere; *benecir*, benedicere; *caer*, cadere; *coger*, colligere; *comer*, comedere; *don*, dominus; *dedo*, digitus; *frio*, frigus; *fiel*, fidelis; *ho*, habeo; *has*, habes; *ha*, habet; *jade*, jaspide; *liar*, ligare; *ayudar*, adjuvare; *oir*, audire; *raiz*, radice; *reir*, ridere; *rio*, rivus; *roer*, rodere; *saeta*, sigitta; *tos*, tussis; *remar*, remigare; *ya*, jam; *auto*, actus; *mas*, magis; *mes*, mensis; *vid*, vitis; *verguenza*, verecundia; *velar*, vigilare; *nueso*, nostro.

4th. It considers *b*, *v*, *u*, *p*, as equivalent, and frequently pronounces the reverse of what is written. *Nabo*, napus; *abierto*, apertus; *abril*, Aprilis; *bagala*, palea; *biuda*, vidua; *bramar*, fremere; *bivora* and *vibora*, vipera; *cabildo*, capitulum; *cabron*, caper; *cubrir*, co-operire; *robar*, rapere; *lobo*, lupus; *sabor*, sapor; *saber*, sapere; *sobre*, super; *soplar*, sufflare; *trebol*, trifolium; *deudor*, debitor.

5th. It considers *c*, *ch*, *g*, *j*, *q*, *y*, as equivalent and commutable. *Agrio*, acris; *amigo*, amicus; *arcilla*, argilla; *lago*, lacus; *fuego*, focus; *agua*, aqua; *echar*, ejicere; *techa*, tegula; *techo*, tectum; *arquear*, arcuare; *arquillo*, arculus; *calidad*, qualitas; *cocer*, coquere; *cocina*, coquina; *cotidiano*, quotidiano; *cascar*, quassare; *queso*, caseus; *gritar*, quiritare; *gastar*, constare; *monge*, monachus; *pregon*, preconium; *jaula*, caula; *juntar*, jungere; *vayna*, vagina; *ayudar*, adjuvare; *ayunar*, jejunare; *proyecta*, projeta; *ya*, jam; *yacer*, jacere; *yelo*, gelu; *yema*, gemma; *yeso*, gypsum; *yo*, ego; *yugo*, jugum; *majada*, magalia; *lenteja*, lenticulus.

6th. It considers *d*, *l*, *z*, as equivalent and commutable. *Agudo*, acutus; *bondad*, bonitate; *caridad*, caritate; *bramido*, fremitus; *mudo*, mutus; *mudar*, mutare; *medir*, metiri; *red*, rete; *rueda*, rota; *rodar*, rotare; *redro*, retro; *salud*, salute; *sed*, sitis; *verdad*, veritas; *turar*, durare; *vida*, vita; *vid*, vitis; *cabeza*, caput; *pozo*, puteus; *razon*, ratio; *vileza*, vilitas; *juzgar*, judicare.

7th. It converts *ce* final into *ez* and *z*. *Eficaz*, eficace; *juez*, judice; *luz*, luce; *mordaz*, mordace; *nuez*, nuce; *nutriz*, nutrice; *paz*, pace; *pez*, pisce; *tenaz*, tenace; *veloz*, veloce; *veraz*, verace; *vez*, vice; *vivaz*, vivace; *voz* and *boz*, voce.

8th. It converts *l* into *j* and *g*, which must be pronounced as a guttural, like *ch* in choir and chorus.—*Consejo*, consilium; *abeja*, *apis*, apicula; *majar*, malleare; *mejor*, melior; *mojar*, mollire; *ojo*, oculus; *oreja*, auricula; *semejante*, similis; *muger*, mulier.

9th. It converts *c*, *f*, *p* into *l*, when they precede that letter, thus forming a double *ll*, as in the Welch. But having performed this operation, it, in conformity to the Italian, converts the second *l* into the vocal *i*, as in *llamar*, clamare, pronounced liamar and llave, clavis, pronounced liave.

In like manner we have *llama*, flamma; *llaga*, plaga; *llano*, planus; *llanto*, planctus; *lleno*, plenus; *llorar*, plorare; *llover*, pluere; *lluvia*, pluvia.

10th. It converts *f* into *h*, which however must not be pronounced.—*Haba*, faba; *hablar*, fabulari; *hacer*, facere; *hacha*, fax; *hado*, fatum; *haia*, fagus; *halcon*, falco; *hambre*, fames; *harina*, farina; *hastio*, fastidium; *haya*, fagus; *haz*, facies; *hebilla*, fibula; *heder*, fœtere; *helecho*, filix; *hembra*, femina; *hender*, findere; *heno*, fœnum; *herir*, ferire; *hermoso*, formosus; *herrar*, ferromunire; *hervor*, fervor; *herren*, farrago; *hiel*, fel; *hez*, fœx; *hierro*, ferrum; *higo*, ficus; *hijo*, filius; *hilo*, filum; *hinojo*, faniculum; *hogar*, focus; *hoja*, folium; *hollejo*, folliculus; *honda*, funda; *hondon*, fundum; *hongo*, fungus; *horado*, foramen; *horca*, furca; *horma*, forma;

hormiga, formica; *horno*, fornax; *hoya*, fossa; *huir*, fugere; *humo*, fumus; *hurto*, furtum; *huso*, fusus.

11th. It converts *m* into *n*.—*Lindo*, limpidus; *linfa*, lympha; *ninfa*, nympha; *tan*, tam.

Many other peculiarities of this language might have been noticed; but these are the most important to any one, who is solicitous to gain a knowledge of the Spanish.

With this key, and the application of one hour a day for ten days, I am persuaded, a proficient in Latin would find no difficulty in reading the best Spanish historians, whose works are as highly interesting as those of other nations.

Should the Spaniards, either at this crisis, or at any time hereafter, be able to establish their independence, the knowledge of their language will be of the last importance to our commerce, because of their extreme partiality for the English, and the intercourse which will take place between us.

Should they be detached from us, and be compelled at any time to join the enemies of England, a perfect acquaintance with their language will be inestimable to our naval officers.

When Lord St. Vincent was off Cadiz, a register ship, richly laden, passed through his fleet, and hailed in Spanish; but not receiving the expected answer she discovered her mistake, made the best of her way to shore, and landed her cargo on the beach.

By the application of this key to languages, which, for the information of your readers, I have communicated to them, as exemplified in German and in Spanish, the acquisition of French, Italian, and Portuguese will be greatly expedited, and, as they advance in knowledge, they will be pleased to find, that all languages are radically one.

The ERRORS *of the* AUTHOR *of* NUBILIA *vindicated.*

SIR,

YOUR correspondent from St. Albans has expressed his surprise at the grammatical errors which I enumerated in my review of Nubilia, and he has endeavoured to prove that they are not errors. I trust I shall be ever open to conviction, nor would I defend my former opinion of those errors if there were any truth in the arguments of Justus, but there is no truth in them, and the premises on which they are built are wholly false.

The following I quoted as a specimen of tautology,—"Or wish to recollect with solemn reminiscence;" but Justus denies it to be tautology, and in his remarks has established a new principle in philology. He says it is not tautology of meaning, for the adjective *solemn* being applied to reminiscence, gives to this last word a signification differing from mere recollection. This is a principle of which I candidly acknowledge my ignorance, and I believe it will be a difficult point for Justus to adduce a single instance in which the adjective has the power of changing the meaning of the substantive. In my opinion, recollection and reminiscence are synonyma, nor can any adjective change their absolute meaning. Johnson defines reminiscence to be recollection; but Justus says, that the passage in question is not tautology in language, because the words are different. Tautology consists in a difference of words, bearing the same sense; and I think it will be granted, that recollection and reminiscence are words which bear the same sense. Therefore, to recollect with reminiscence is, in my opinion, *gross* tautology; nor can the application of the adjective *solemn* give to reminiscence a different meaning than it really possesses. Whether it be a solemn reminiscence or a lively reminiscence, it is still the same as if we said a solemn recollection or a lively recollection. The adjective is applied merely in a relative sense, and signifies the addition of some quality; but it was left for Justus to discover that an adjective altered the established meaning of a substantive.

In regard to the second instance of bad grammar, Justus is not more happy in his strictures; and in vindication of his first position, he quotes a passage from Addison's Travels in Italy. As I am not in possession of the book, I cannot judge of the context of the passage which is quoted,

but it appears that Justus has mistaken the sense of the passage, for it is the picture of Zetus which represents, and not the group of figures. But, supposing that the sense runs as Justus has quoted it, still my objections are not invalidated. I know that group and number are often used in the singular, and govern the verb accordingly; but I am inclined to think, that the instances which Justus quotes, of the relative pronoun being used in the plural, are of home manufacture. "The meeting was large, and *they* came to several resolutions." Were I to meet with this phrase in our best philologists, supposing they could so commit themselves as to write it, I should not hesitate to pronounce it erroneous, not only in the construction, but its grammar. The construction ought to be, "The meeting was large, and several resolutions were agreed to;" or, if the construction is to stand with the pronoun, it undoubtedly ought to be,—"and it came to several resolutions." Thus Horne Tooke, whose philological powers, I think, no one will be inclined to dispute, says in one his letters to Junius, "But I must protest against the doctrine of any persons pretending to determine when *the parliament is* to exercise *its* (not their) undoubted privilege." Hume, in his History of England, says,—"The meeting was held at Aix la Chapelle, and it may be said with justice, that the resolutions which *it* passed." Again, "The house met at four o'clock, pursuant to adjournment, and having passed the bills in their respective stages, *it* adjourned till Monday." Had the passage in question been thus constructed, "to behold the group that *was* assembled," then no one would have disputed the truth of the remarks of Justus; but as it stands in the text, I believe I shall be supported by the most eminent authorities in denouncing it as ungrammatical.

Respecting the third error, Justus appears to triumph in a false quotation; but as I have not my MS. by me, I cannot say whether the fault is to be ascribed to the printer or myself. At all events the emendation of Justus is liable to the same objection, as if the passage stood in the manner in which I am supposed to have quoted it. A moment's reflection will convince Justus of the incompleteness of the phrase, and I believe he will find it difficult, with all his ability, to metamorphose the superlative of an adjective into a substantive. The passage runs "arts, science, knowledge, polished life, ascend in gradual progress to their *highest*." To their highest what? The reader is left to conjecture. Those are the highest states of improvement, of excellence, of perfection, of beauty, and all the other qualities to which it is possible for those things to attain. Let the passage be altered as follows, and Justus will own that in my condemnation of the passage I was correct: "To observe, that where virtue, truth, and liberty erect their standard, there arts, science, knowledge, polished life attain by gradual progress to *their greatest*." Justus certainly would not defend this mode of expression, and yet one is as equally defensible as the other.

Truth is the aim of Justus, and it is also mine. I believe it falls to the lot of few or none to attain perfection in the science of philology. We ought not therefore to be discomfited when we are detected in an error, nor offended with those who detected it. If Justus has any additional grounds to produce in defence of Nubilia, I am ready to receive them, to refute, or to acknowledge them.

R. H.

Query—Does the author of Nubilia live at St. Albans?

An ILLUSTRATIVE DISSERTATION *upon* EPIGRAMS.

SIR,

IT can be no great proof of puerility to criticise what men of unbounded genius have not deemed it puerile to write. I shall not therefore think it necessary to apologize for the want of profundity in the following pages to you, who know that it is sometimes wise to forget wisdom.

It has frequently appeared to me that our most admired writers have been ignorant of the requisites of an epigram. If we judge from the productions of Swift, Prior, and some

others, we may readily imagine that they supposed an epigram and a trifle to be synonima. But this is an error. An epigram is indeed a trifle, but a trifle is not necessarily an epigram. To the excellence of the first brevity, poetry and point are requisite. By point I mean that peculiar species of wit which is termed sarcastic.

I will now examine how far the epigrams of our best authors accord with these three rules.

"We fly from Luxury and Wealth
To hardships in pursuit of Health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dosing in an easy chair,
Pursue the goddess Health in vain
To find her in a country scene;
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face,
And still her favourites we meet
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view."

SWIFT.

This has but one of the features of an epigram, namely, versification. It is tediously long and quite pointless, nor does it possess Swift's usual felicity of expression. The iteration of the conjunction "and" beginning four lines out of twelve is ungraceful.

"The glass, by lover's nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So when our passions Love hath stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light."

This is a pleasing simile, because it is new; but no one would imagine it to be an epigram without previous information. The second couplet is obscure.

I will instance one other of Swift's to recompence, in some measure, the perusal of the two former:—

"Peut en croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou que manger un harang
C'est un secret pour luy plaire.
En sa gloire envelopé
Songe til bien de nos soupé."

This, though one of the best of sixteen or eighteen, is not excellent; the pronominal words "le," "luy," "il," are without their antecedent noun "dieu," to whom the epigram is intended to relate. It possesses, however, an odd mixture of gravity of thought, with lightness of expression, which is very pleasing.

Prior is not more successful in his epigrams than the Dean:

"Venus take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus let me never see."

That a female should become disgusted with her features, and resign her glass in consequence, is rather wonderful than witty. The first line is the best; the rest end feebly. The first couplet conveys all that is intended to be conveyed.

"To John I ow'd great obligation,
But he unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation,
So John and I are more than quit.

This is not only a false but a hackneyed idea, and was hackneyed when Prior wrote. There is nothing pointed either in the conceit or the manner of expression.

The one, beginning "On his death-bed poor Simon lies," is full of humour. The following is likewise laughable but unnatural:

"Cries Pontius, enraged, contradicting his wife,
'You never yet told me one truth in your life.'
Vex'd Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
'You're a cuckhold,' says she, 'do I tell you truth now?'"

This is mere prose in rhime. It reminds one of Swift's humorous burlesque of Alexandrines:—

"Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head;
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred."

The following is an unacknowledged translation from Martial. I forget the author:—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

This method of making the first and third line rhime to the second, though unauthorised, is not unpleasing. It gives it an air of compactness. Martial writes

"Non amo te Sabidi—non possum dicere quare
Hoc possum tantum dicere—non amo te."

The epigram has little merit. The capricious dislike of no man can be worth recording. The translation is better than the original. In the lat-

ter, "hoc possum tantum dicere" (one-fourth of the epigram) is mere verbosity.

The following, by Dr. Donne, the satirist, is clever:—

"'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,
'To stand or go,'—if he says true he lies."

This is a mere pun, but the artful juxtaposition of the apparently contradictory assertions gives it great spirit.

The "Five Reasons for Drinking" is humorous:—

"Good wine—a friend—or being dry
—Or lest we should be by and bye,
—Or—any other reason why."

DR. ALDRICH.

The lines on the famous Anatanaclasis, "Dum vivimus vivamus," written, I think, by Dr. Dodderidge, and so highly extolled by Johnson, are eminently sublime. There is, however, a solemnity in them incompatible with one's ideas of epigram.

Dr. Johnson's trifles are for the most part either panegyrics or parodies, and as such do not come under the denomination of epigrams. His only one is far from excellent:—

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spencer's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature *form'd* the poet *for* the king."

He who imagines that asseveration will be taken for proof, or unmannerly abuse for the ebullitions of fancy, deceives himself. The first couplet has an air of pedantry. The three first lines, however, possess more melody than is customary in epigrams: the fourth is disgraced by a slovenly repetition; *and he who makes slovenly repetitions, can expect little praise for the elegance of his expression or the propriety of his diction. His works will soon become obtenebrated by contumelious neglect, or be remembered for the mere excitation of risible emotions.*

Goldsmith has written a variety of trifles, but has termed none of them epigrams. The stanzas on woman are exquisitely beautiful. The first verse of the song on Hope is trite; the second is novel, and happily expressed: the clown's reply is intended for an epigram. To say that one cannot look upon people without thinking of jackasses, though well enough from a country blockhead *in real life*, betrays neither wit nor shrewdness in Goldsmith.

There is a vivacity in the following idea, very closely approximating to epigrammatic point:—

"Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight,
Myra too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
Or dim thy beauty with a tear;
Had Myra followed my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear."

The person of the verb in this is unnecessarily changed. The first verse is in the third person; the first couplet of the second verse is in the second person; and the last couplet is once more in the third. There is one other trifling deduction from its merit in so far as regards Goldsmith. He stole it:—

"Eglé tremble que dans ce jour,
L'hymen plus puissant que l'amour,
N'enlevé ses tresors sans qu'elle ose sén plaindre.
Elle a négligé mes avis
Si la belle les eut suivis,
Elle n'aurait plus rien á craindre."

M. DE LA SABLIERE.

From the above examination I think we may conclude that the English are no very excellent epigrammatists. It is, however, some consolation, that they are as happy in these *jeus d'esprit* as the French; this, with your permission, I shall endeavour, in a future letter, to prove.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. BROWN.

Palsgrave Place,
Oct. 6, 1809.

The CRIMINAL *from* LOST HONOUR. *By* SCHILLER.

[*Continued from p.* 188.]

THIS second conviction heightened the enormity of his offence. The judges examined the book of laws, but they could not find any case analogous to Wolf's. It was, however, agreed that poaching required a most exemplary punishment; and Wolf was condemned to have the gallows burnt on his back, and to be kept to hard labour for three years in

the fortress. This period elapsed, and he was liberated from the fortress, but a wholly different man than when he entered it. Here a new epoch in his life commences, and I will copy his own words which he spoke before his judges.

"I entered the fortress (he said) as a vagabond: I left it as a villain. I then had something in the world which was dear to me, and my pride writhed under the shame. On my entrance into the fortress I was confined with twenty-three prisoners, two of whom were murderers, and the remainder reputed thieves. When I spoke of God, I was laughed at, and every art was tried to make me blaspheme my Redeemer. Songs of the most indecent nature were sung to me, which even I, a wanton youth, could not hear without disgust and shame; but my modesty was still more offended by the acts which I saw daily committed. Not a day passed over my head, in which some shameful actions were not committed, or in which some criminal design was not formed. At first I shunned these people as I would the pestilence, and withdrew myself as much as possible from their conversation; but my heart longed for a companion, and my jailors had refused me my dog. The work was hard and tyrannical; my body was sickly; I required support, and, I must be candid, I also stood in need of compassion, and this I was obliged to purchase with the last remains of my conscience. Thus I became by degrees accustomed to the most abominable actions, and in the last months of my imprisonment I surpassed my masters.

"I now longed for the day of my freedom; for revenge was now the darling thought of my soul. The collected race of man had offended me; for all were better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as the martyr to natural right, and as a victim to the laws. Gnashing my teeth, I clanked my chains when the sun arose behind the fortress. An extensive prospect is a double hell for a prisoner. The wind, as it whistled through the air holes of my tower, and the swallow, as it twittered on the iron bars of my window, appeared to mock me with their liberty, and made my imprisonment more hateful to me. Then I swore the most bitter and implacable hatred to every thing which bore the form of man, and I have kept my oath with fidelity.

"The first thought on my liberation was my native town. Although little presented itself there towards my future support, yet I had the prospect of satisfying my hunger for revenge. My heart beat with double violence as, at a distance, I saw the well known steeple rising among the trees. It was no more the secret solemn pleasure which I experienced after my first adventure. The memory of all the hardship and all the persecutions, which I had there formerly suffered, awoke on a sudden as from a state of torpor—all my wounds bled afresh—all my scars burst open. I hastened my steps, for I felt a peculiar gratification in terrifying my enemies by my sudden appearance; and I now thirsted more for fresh humiliation—than in former times I trembled at it. The bells sounded for vespers as I arrived in the market place. The people were hastening to church. I was soon recognised. But every one shunned and turned away from me. I was always partial to little children; and by an almost involuntary motion I gave a penny to a boy who came skipping by me. The boy looked at me for a moment full in the face, and threw my money at me. Had my blood been a little more composed, I should have recollected that my beard, which I retained since my liberation from prison, gave to my features an hideous appearance. Tears, such as I had never shed before, flowed down my cheeks. The boy knows not whom I am, nor whence I came, I repeated loud to myself, and yet he shuns me as a hateful beast. Is there some mark engraven on my forehead, or have I lost the resemblance of man, because I feel that I cannot love a man again. The contempt of this boy pained me more than my three years of imprisonment in the fortress, for I had conferred a kindness on him, nor could accuse him of any personal hatred.

"I seated myself on a bench, opposite to the church. I know not what in that moment I had in view; but I

know that I rose with anger and indignation, as not one of my acquaintance, who passed by me, thought me worthy of their notice. I left the spot in search of an inn. On turning the corner of a street I encountered my Hanna. "Wolf," she exclaimed, and made a motion to embrace me, "returned at last? God be praised that thou art again amongst us." She was a spectacle of hunger and misery; in her face she bore the remains of a loathsome disease: her look announced the outcast creature to which she had fallen. I soon imagined what had happened. Some royal dragoons, whom I just then met, led me to suppose that the regiment was quartered in the town. "A soldier's prostitute," I cried, and laughing, turned my back upon her. I felt some consolation, that in the rank of the living there was one creature beneath me. I never loved her.

"My mother was dead. My little property had been disposed of to discharge the claims of my creditors. The world was a wilderness to me, in which nor thing nor being blossomed for me. I was shunned as a poisonous reptile, but I at last taught myself to feel no more the compunctions of shame. Formerly I withdrew myself from the sight and notice of men, because contempt was insupportable to me. Now I pressed myself into society, and I was delighted to see my fellow creatures fly from me with terror. I felt a secret pleasure in it; for I had nothing more to lose, nothing more to care for. I stood in need of no good properties, for nobody supposed I possessed them. The whole world was open before me. In another province I should perhaps have been considered an honourable man; but I had lost the courage even to bear the semblance of it. Despair and shame had at last engrafted this mode of thinking on my mind. It was the last refuge remaining for me, to learn to live without honour; for I could lay claim to none. If my vanity and my pride had survived my humiliation, I must have become a suicide. In regard to the resolves which I now formed, I acknowledge I was ignorant of them, but I have still a gloomy recollection that I was determined to commit evil. I was resolved to merit my fate. The laws I imagined were for the benefit of the world; therefore I was determined to transgress them. Formerly I sinned from necessity and thoughtlessness, now I delighted and rejoiced in it.

"The first step I took was to continue my poaching. The chace became my ruling passion, and it was necessary I should have some means of procuring for myself a livelihood. But this was not my only motive. I felt a secret pleasure in transgressing the royal edict, and in committing all the injury in my power to the lords of the manor. No fear of being taken harboured in my mind; for now I had a ball ready for my discoverer, and I knew that in my aim I seldom failed. I killed all the game which presented itself, little of which, however, I converted into money, the major part I left to rot on the ground. I deprived myself of the necessaries of life to afford a greater waste of powder and ball. The devastations which I committed were at last the universal topic of conversation, but no suspicion fell upon me. My very look argued against it. My name was forgotten. I persevered in this mode of life for several months.

"One morning, according to my custom, I had traversed the wood, to trace the track of a deer. For two hours I had sought in vain, and I began to consider my booty as lost, as on a sudden I discovered my prey within reach of my shot. I placed my gun to my shoulder, and was just going to pull the trigger, but I was suddenly withheld by the sight of a hat, which lay a few paces before me on the ground. I stepped forward with caution, and on a sudden I espied the forrester, Robert, who, standing behind an oak, was levelling his gun at the same deer, which it was my intention to have killed. At the sight of this man a cold shiver ran through all my veins. He was the very man, for whom, amongst all created beings, I bore the most deadly hatred; and this man was now within the range of my ball. At this moment it appeared to me as if the whole world lay in the loading of my gun, and that the hatred of my whole

life had compressed itself into the point of the finger, with which I was to draw the murderous trigger. An invisible terrible hand hovered over me. The hour-hand of my fate pointed irrevocably to this dark minute. My arm trembled as I directed my gun to its unfortunate victim: my teeth chattered as in the frost of death: my breath was almost stifled. One minute the direction of my gun wavered between the man and the beast—another minute—another—and another. Revenge and conscience contended for the victory: but revenge conquered—and the forrester was stretched lifeless on the ground. The gun fell from my hand. Murderer! I stammered slowly. The wood was as silent as a tomb. I heard distinctly that I pronounced the word, Murderer. I crept nearer—nearer still—I saw the last struggles of life. Long I stood speechless before the corpse. At last I broke into a loud laugh. "Ah! my good friend," I exclaimed, "thou wilt tell no more secrets." I stepped boldly to the corpse, and turned the face of the murdered uppermost. Wide his eyes stood open, ghastly staring. I became serious. Words appeared as if denied to me. I began to feel as I never yet had felt. Hitherto I had committed violence on account of my shame. Now a deed was done for which I had not yet atoned. An hour before, I believe no mortal would have been able to convince me that there was a greater reprobate under heaven than myself. Now I began to conjecture that, an hour before, I was even an object of envy. The judgment of God never occurred to me. But I had a confused, indefinable recollection of a halter and a sword, and the execution of a murderer of a child, which I had witnessed when a boy at school. There was something terrible in the thought to me, that henceforth my life was forfeit: then I wished that my victim still lived. I attempted to recollect all the injury which the deceased had done to me in his life: but strange! my memory was as if annihilated: I could not recall to my mind a single circumstance which a quarter of an hour before had driven me to the deed. I could not comprehend by what I was induced to the murder. R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

The LITERARY ADVENTURES *of* PETER POSITIVE, *of* GOTHAM, *in* NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. *Addressed to the* EDITOR *of the* UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

ON the 1st of April, 1776, I, Peter Positive, was born; and I have been since informed, that certain signs appeared at my birth, which were explained by the old women, to be certain prognostications of the transcendancy of my genius, and that I should stand the foremost in the list of the wise men of Gotham. My father said the old women were fools, but my mother espoused their cause; and, as is generally the case, when words are to decide the question, my mother gained the victory. Every orchard which I robbed, and every mischievous trick which I performed, were indisputable proofs of the existence of that genius which the old women had prognosticated. There being no school in the parish, which my mother deemed capable of doing justice to my dormant genius, she applied to her sister, resident in Nottingham, to consult with her husband, who was to consult with a friend, which friend was to consult with a man of known ability respecting the academies of that town, and to report whether there was one of sufficient merit to be honoured with the education of Peter Positive. Several were reported, but my father pleaded his inability to sustain the expense. He argued the matter systematically, economically, judicially, and prudentially. My mother argued it as women generally argue, that is, she had no reason to give but her own will. My father, though not versed in the knowledge of man, still knew so much of woman, if not in the abstract, yet of my mother, that to oppose her will he knew was only to rivet her stronger to it; that he, for the sake of peace at home, left my education solely to

my mother, and considering to whom it was left, it was better than nineteen in twenty could rationally have expected.

At the vacations, my mother placed me on a chair, whilst my father was smoking his pipe in the evening, and I spouted my *Propriæ quæ maribus*, or my *Tityre tu patulæ*. My father stared: my mother smiled.—The neighbours were called in to hear me. "Is he not a clever boy?" asked my mother. "Aye, for sartain he be," answered old Giles, the blacksmith. "Is he not a *genus* already?" asked my mother. "I knows not what that word be," said an old woman; "but lud! how he do but speak gibberish." "Gibberish!" exclaimed my mother, reddening with anger, "why they tells me, it is one of the dead tongues." "Aye, aye," said old Giles, "I have smoked many a tongue in my time, but such a tongue as this be I never know'd before. I should not know how to set about smoking it." When I had finished my oration,—"What a thing it be," said my mother, "to have a son a *genus*. He will one day or other be a parliament man." "Are all parliament men genuses?" asked old Giles. "Sartain they be," said my mother, "or what business have they there?" "How cumes it then," asked old Giles, "that you only hear of most of them at *lection* time, when sartain sure they be all very good and kind? But I might as well be in the parliament house, for all the good—" "Pooh, pooh!" said my mother, interrupting him, "talk about ploughshares, and let the parliament alone: they manage their business very snugly amongst themselves." I do not know how long this conversation would have lasted, had not my father bade my mother replenish his jug of ale, which she rather unwillingly obeyed, for she was in her element in an argument, and never yielded; for, like most females, she considered herself always in the right.

Before I proceed in my adventures I must beg the reader to peruse, with particular attention, what I have already written, or many of the nice touches will escape him, which will elucidate my character more forcibly than if I had written volumes on the subject. As to the character of my mother, I must leave that to explain itself; but, notwithstanding the hints of many people, I am certain my father did not die of the headache. Of what then, pray? Ask his surgeon.

In the opinion of my mother, my education was completed after three years residence in Nottingham, and I was taken from *Selectæ æ profanis*, from Virgil, from Seneca, and from Homer, to handle a dung fork, and stir up *swill** for the pigs. But my genius was not to be depressed by such discouraging circumstances, and thanks to the clerk of the parish: he assisted me in the fulfillment of the plans which I had formed for laying the efforts of my genius before the public. I was now arrived at that age, when the mind may be said to have taken its bias for life; and a fortunate bias it has proved, not for myself, but for generations on generations to come. Literature became my darling theme, and I longed to figure in the world as an author. Instead of attending to the concerns of the farm, I was either spouting scenes from a favourite tragedy, or writing scenes for other people to spout.—The barn was the theatre of my eloquence, and my father once caught me haranguing half a dozen sheaves of corn, which I had placed upright, with all the vehemence of a Cato to the senators of Rome. My mother rejoiced that the prognostications of the old women were verified, and she sounded the fame of my genius over all the country. My father shook his head, smoked his pipe, but, like a wise man, kept a profound silence.

I had just finished a work, in which I have proved, beyond a doubt, that there was no rainbow before the deluge, when, to my unspeakable joy, my cousin, who undoubtedly had heard of my genius, requested my father to allow me to spend a month with him in the metropolis. The request was not refused, and I set off from Nottingham with a light and joyous heart. In your literary course, Mr. Editor, you have undoubtedly met with a certain Parson Adams, who set off on a journey to the me-

* The Nottinghamshire word for food for pigs.

tropolis, with a view of obtaining a publisher for his sermons, and feasting himself on the road with the emolument and the honour which would be showered upon the author. Now in one point I do not resemble him, which is, that I did not forget my MS. as he did his sermons, but in the second point I am the very type of him. I made an hundred calculations of the manner in which I should expend the enormous sum which, if I might believe my friend the clerk, any publisher would be ready to give me for my MS. I saw the whole host of publishers vieing with each other to become the purchaser, and a city knight the most eager of them all. I saw my name blazoned in the newspapers. I saw my work extolled by all the Reviews and Magazines, and especially by the Edinburgh, which you know, Mr. Editor, is something uncommon, except the author be a Scotchman. I looked upon my fellow passengers in the stage coach as people beneath me. I was certain there was not an author amongst them, for my penetrating mind soon discovered that their ideas did not extend beyond the cultivation of turnips, the stagnant state of trade, and the depression of the stocks; with the latter of which you know, Mr. Editor, an author would be ashamed to hold any acquaintance; and the only stocks with which they are in general acquainted, and whose acquaintance they condescend to acknowledge, are mostly to be found in the market-places and entrances of towns; I therefore sunk into a pleasing reverie, and cheered myself with all the glories of authorship.—O! what fairy visions danced before me. I was enveloped in a seraph's glory. I felt myself pregnant with the fire of Milton, and I am certain something most extraordinary would have been brought forth, had I not been suddenly roused from my reverie by an uncommon motion of the carriage, which, on looking from the window, I found to proceed from our entering on the stones of London.

We passed the Bank—the Mansion House. I did not bestow a single thought on them, for I was informed that we were drawing near to that seat of liberality and the Muses, called Paternoster-Row. How my heart beat with rapture as I beheld its academic gloom. I could have rushed from the coach, and have embraced every bookseller, publisher, shopman, and collector, who trod its solemn shades—from Jones to Hamilton. Happy, happy men, thought I, soon I will be amongst you; soon my name shall sound in every shop, and the work of Peter Positive, of Gotham, be louder called for than either Cœlebs or Nubilia. I will not detain you with a description of the friendly manner in which I was received by my cousin, nor of all the inquiries which he made of his relatives of Gotham, nor will I describe to you my great surprise at all the sights of London, but hasten to those points which are particularly connected with my literary adventures.

One day my cousin proposed to me to walk with him to Hyde Park, to view Rotten Row and all those famous places of which I read so often in the newspapers: but I did not see anything in the park, nor about it, which I would exchange for a single look from Nottingham Castle or from the openings in Clifton Grove. I therefore urged my cousin to return; and, in passing down a long street, which I think he called Piccadilly, my attention was attracted by a number of persons flocking into a house, which, on inquiry of my cousin, I found was appropriated to the use of a debating society. My soul caught fire at the words. The moment was come in which I should have an opportunity of displaying my powers of eloquence, and, without consulting my cousin on the subject, I rushed into the forum: but on a sudden I lost all powers of articulation. I was astounded at what I heard: such a vast display of learning—such elegance of language—such depth of reasoning—such profundity of knowledge. I never before appeared so little in my own eyes. Sleep fled from my pillow the whole of the night; and on the following morning, immediately after my breakfast, I requested my cousin to accompany me to the manager, as I wished to propose a subject on which I would deliver a profound and enlightened oration. I will give you ten days,

Mr. Editor, or, if you please, as many olympiads, to divine the subject. It was *on the man in the moon.* We found the manager paring some potatoes which were to be placed under the scrag end of a neck of mutton, which stood on the table, only waiting for the potatoes, to be sent to the bake-house. But this very circumstance gave him an additional importance in my eyes, for I had read of a Roman Emperor who was caught in the act of paring turnips. Is it not then praiseworthy in the manager of a British Forum to pare his own potatoes? We were received in the most gracious manner. I stated the subject on which I wished to speak—*on the man in the moon!* The manager looked like a man who is deceived in his expectations. "Yes, Sir," I exclaimed, without being in the least abashed, "I wish to speak *on the man in the moon,* one of the most wonderful, most important, and most mysterious subjects which one mortal ever expounded to another." After overcoming some *weighty* objections of the manager, he granted my request: and in the evening I had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing the man of the moon announced as the subject for the following night, and as it would be opened by a gentleman, whose abilities were conspicuous in the literary world, the manager anticipated a most crowded assembly. The wished-for hour arrived, and I hastened to the forum.

[*To be continued.*]

Mr. BURDON *in* VINDICATION *of Mr.* MALTHUS.

SIR,

THE last number of your very useful Magazine contained a letter from a constant and laborious correspondent, who has taken great pains to produce a melioration in the condition of the poor. His object in that letter is to controvert the doctrine of Mr. Malthus on the subject of population, which he, among many others, has either wilfully misrepresented or ignorantly mistaken. He professes himself the friend and advocate of the poor, and therefore he is unwilling to lay any restraint on their enjoyments. Under the impression of this feeling, he seems to be much offended with Mr. Malthus for having proposed a check for diminishing the tendency of population to encrease beyond the means of subsistence, and he seems to suppose that Mr. Malthus knew of no other, and proposed it as the sole means of restraining a redundant population; whereas he has only proposed it as a substitute for those which are already known to exist in the world, and these are vice and misery, which, to a certain extent, are to be found in almost every collection of men. The basis of Mr. Malthus's doctrine remains yet unshaken; but your correspondent seems to forget that the geometrical progression in the increase of men, and even the arithmetical in the increase of provisions, can only take place under the most unlimited circumstances, and Mr. M. is far from affirming that they ever do take place in the ordinary course of human affairs. The whole bent and object of his book is to prove that vice and misery are ever at work to thin the numbers of mankind, and therefore, as a benevolent man and a Christian, he proposes that the exercise of our reason and the restraints of our appetites should be substituted in the room of those terrible correctors of an excessive tendency to population, which now deform the fair face of civilized society. His intention, no doubt, deserves praise, as well as the industry with which he has collected the proofs of his position: but I doubt his philosophy might as well be addressed to the winds as to those for whom it is principally intended. Mankind are and ever have been wicked and miserable, and that they should be so is, I believe, established by a decree of nature, which no human power can ever reverse. They will go on to "increase and multiply," and they will ever be subject to that destiny which has hitherto rendered them and their progeny the children of misery; for though there is much enjoyment in the world, there will ever be much to damp and diminish our pleasure.

The doctrine and the fact being what I have stated, the elaborate ar-

guments of your correspondent are a mere work of supererogation. I will therefore spare myself the trouble, which I at first intended, of confuting them singly. They are all answered in this one word—they do not apply to any thing Mr. Malthus has asserted: and did your correspondent thoroughly understand his doctrine, I have no doubt he would join with him in wishing that, since the tendency to population must be restrained, it could be restrained by means less afflicting than those which operate and have operated since the creation of the world; and I should join with them in the same benevolent, yet unavailing wish, were I not convinced, that Nature will not alter the constitution of things for all the philosophers that ever existed.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Oct. 7, 1809.

The following is too long for the poetical department, as it would monopolize the space due to our other friends: and it has too much merit to be omitted: we therefore insert it here.

ODE *to* JOY. *By* SCHILLER. *A Freemason's Song.*

JOY from source celestial springing,
Inmate of elysian bowers,
We thy holy temple enter,
We invoke thy heavenly powers.
Tyrant customs, harsh distinctions,
Sink before thy just award,
Beggars are the peers of princes
Where thy magic voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Fellow myriads, far and near,
Hail! and take the proffer'd hand,
Sure a power to mortals bland,
Dwells above yon starry sphere.

He whom happier Fortune favours,
He who boasts a friend that's true,
He whom Love's soft transport kindles,
Let him join the gladsome crew.
But the wretch whose wayward fortunes
Love and Friendship's boons restrain,
Let him quit the joyous banquet,
Weeping quit the genial train.

CHORUS.

Sacred powers of sympathy!
All creation owns thy sway;
To the brighter realms of day
Thou shalt lift thy votary.

All that breathes thro' varied nature
Sips the nectar'd cup of joy,
Good and bad with equal ardour
Fondly croud her roseate way.
Love and wine and Friendship's treasure,
Joy with lavish hand bestows;
Joy the abject reptile gladdens,
While with joy the seraph glows.

CHORUS.

Mortals own the deity,
Own the power of Nature's Lord;
Let the rapt'rous loud accord
Reach the blissful seats on high.

Joy, unceasing source of motion,
Animates the varied scene,
Potent spring of wide creation,
Joy impels the vast machine.
Buds to flowers her influence ripens,
Suns she draws from realms of day,
Rolls the spheres thro' boundless ether
Far beyond the tube's survey.

CHORUS.

Joyous as the rolling sphere,
Wanders thro' ethereal space,
Let us speed our mortal race,
Gaily speed our short career.

Smiling sweet in Truth's bright mirror,
Joy the searcher's toil requites:
Joy, the prize of mild endurance,
Leads to Virtue's steepy heights.
See on Truth's refulgent mountain,
High aloft her banners wave:
Joy pervades the choir of angels,
Joy shall cheer the darksome grave.

CHORUS.

Learn the ills of life to bear,
Check the tear and still the sigh,
Heaven rewards the victory
High above yon spangled sphere.

Nought requites indulgent heaven,
Let us emulate its care,
Sons of Poverty and Sorrow
Haste and find a welcome here.
Fell revenge and bitter rancour
Shun the social gay retreat,
Here be ev'ry foe forgiven,
Pardon every wrong await.

CHORUS.

Jars and broils no more be heard,
Peace her olive wand displays,
He whose eye the globe surveys
Soon will judge as we award.

Sparkling high in flowing glasses,
Flights sublime shall joy inspire
Cannibals inhale soft mercy,
Wild despair—heroic fire.
Now the mantling goblet circles,
Gaily quaff the generous wine;
Wine the gift of bounteous Nature,
Praise the Power who gave the vine.

CHORUS.

He, whose praise the tuneful spheres
Chaunt in ceaseless harmony;
He who dwells above the sky,
Gave the vine to soothe our cares.

Calmly bear the frowns of Fortune,
Soothe the heart oppress'd with woe.
Sacred keep the plighted promise,
True alike to friend and foe.
Manly Pride display to princes,
Give to modest worth its due,
Cherish Truth and all its votaries,
Deprecate the perjur'd crew.

CHORUS.

Closer knit our holy bonds,
Low at Truth's bright altar bow,
Swear to keep the plighted vow,
Swear by him who all commands.

Wide may sacred Freedom triumph,
E'en may pity vice await,
Hope attend life's latest glimmer,
Mercy ward the felon's fate.
Lo! the shrouded dead shall quicken,
Mortals list and heaven adore,
Every crime shall be forgiven,
Death and hell shall be no more.

CHORUS.

Peace at life's departing scene,
Soft repose beneath the tomb,
Looks benign and gracious doom,
From the awful Judge of men.

PHILO GERMANICUS.

The WHIP CLUB: *the* DIGNIFIED ASSEMBLY *of* BRITISH NOBLEMEN!!

Oh Shame! where is thy blush?

[Extracted from Nubilia.]

We have, on many previous occasions, allotted room in our pages to instructive or amusing extracts from contemporary publications: believing, as we do, that it is no objection against what is meritorious that it has been before, though recently, printed. Every reader of a Magazine is not, necessarily the reader of each new or popular work that is published: and under this impression, we now present to our readers an extract from NUBILIA, *which deservedly stigmatizes a worthless society.*

WHILE we were at Keswick my uncle happened to meet with an intimate London acquaintance, who had resorted thither for the *fashionable purpose* of *seeing the lakes.* His name was Wilson: a man of independent fortune, and eminent among the gay and the dissipated. His exterior was not unpleasing, nor were his manners without that superficial amenity which is caught by habitual intercourse with well-bred and refined persons. His discourse was voluble, and it reminded me of the distich of the poet:

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

If he were to be estimated by the facility which he talked upon every topic, he might be considered as a rival to the *admirable Crichton:* to him nothing was difficult. I was, at first, deceived by his fluency, into a belief of his vast acquirements: but, seizing a moment to examine the tenor of his discourse, I was soon convinced that

"Shallow streams run, dimpling, all the way."

In argument, he hoped to overcome every thing by a gracious smile, much gesticulation, and a constant application of *you may depend upon it,—I assure you—it's absolutely certain,—it's absurd to think otherwise,* &c. &c. If all these failed, he laughed; and if laughing failed, he strove to shield himself behind a pompous silence, undisturbed but by *aye* or *no*, and which seemed to imply that his opponent was wholly unworthy of serious refutation. It was not indeed often that he was induced to enter upon intricate discussions: his conversation consisted of short flights and sudden irruptions: but when wine had dispossessed prudence of her post, it was then that he exhibited himself in all the impotence of mind. At such moments I rather pitied than despised him.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the *associated coachmen.* He was one of those degenerate beings who place their renown in the dexterous management of four in hand: who prefer turning a sharp corner to any rational act; and who glory in their exaltation to a *dickie,* as much as a wise man would, in his exaltation to wisdom or to virtue. I need not add that his language was too often the

language of the stable, deprived indeed of its grosser qualities, but preserving all its spirit. His dress was so characteristic, so descriptive of the habits of the man, that when he first addressed my uncle, and I perceived them in friendly discourse together, a transient sense of humiliation and debasement crept across me, that a relative of mine should associate so familiarly with what I naturally judged him to be, a coachman. My embarrassment, indeed, was relieved by Sophia, and a mingled sentiment of contempt and indignation succeeded the feelings that were first excited.

It were vain to hope that admonition can reach those who have lost all self-respect. He who can descend to the acquirements of a coachman, will be content with a coachman's importance. He who has chosen the stable for his *palæstra*, can have no ambition beyond a groom. The man whose highest wishes centre in the accomplishments of a postilion, will look for his reward among those who can judge of his merits, and grooms, coachmen, and postilions will, therefore, be his *arbitri elegantiarum*. Could we but teach the world to see with our own eyes, what great personages we should all be: and could these degenerate beings but transform England into one vast stable, and its inhabitants into *jockies*, their renown would then be illustrious and permanent: for, in a nation of blind people, a one-eyed man would be king. This, however, cannot be.

Shew me then a human creature more despicable than the members of the *Whip Club*. I could almost exclaim, in the indignant language of Shakspeare,

> Oh heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold,
> And put in every honest hand a *whip*
> To lash the rascals naked thro' the world,
> Even from the east to the west.

Will it be said that this is intemperate language? No. It cannot. Who are they that constitute this worthless club? The titled and the opulent. And what *ought* to be their influence and example in society? A corrupt and profligate nobility is a nation's scourge. Private vices respect only the individual; but public ones, (I mean those that are committed under the public eye) communicate infection; they sap the foundations of the commonweal, and lead, in their train, anarchy, rebellion and bloodshed. Can it be expected that a people should feel reverence for gamblers, jockies and cockers? And if that reverence, which rests upon opinion, be annihilated, what other basis will you find, to support the present distinctions of society? Man, simply considered, is co-ordinate with man, and, in society, he is diversified only by wisdom, by virtue, by power, or by VICE. To our superiors in wisdom and in virtue we instinctively submit: but, our superiors in vice alone, we indignantly resist. Here then are the evils which are to be dreaded. The moral distinctions of society are shaking to their centre: they are crumbling into dust: and woe to the land that is purified by fire and blood. In such a crisis, the innocent *may* fall: the guilty *must:* on their devoted heads the first tide of vengeance will flow, and it will sweep them to destruction.

It is lamentable to behold such unawed depravity. Public opinion has lost its wholesome power over the corrupt, and nothing is thought vile enough to be done in secret. We are taught to consider, (and we must consider) our nobility as the hereditary legislators of the country: and we look up to the opulent as our delegated ones. Where then is our safety, if the senate is exchanged for the stable? If the toils of state are bartered for the sordid honours of a jockey? While such events are taking place, what must be the silent progress of opinion?

I do not address myself to individuals. I should be indifferent to the circumstance of thirty or a hundred men, for whom their forefathers have acquired wealth and titles, ascending the coach-box. It may be their proper place: it certainly *is* their proper place, for they give proof of its propriety in their choice. I could behold them there, as I have beheld them, with pity and contempt, and I could easily persuade myself that they perform a public good by keeping away from the senate, and by abstaining from all connexion with public

transactions. I could, cheerfully, consign them to the ignoble post they had chosen, and thank heaven that he had gifted so many of his creatures with so perfect a knowledge of themselves and their powers. I should account it a blessing that so much folly and so much meanness had selected so adequate a course. But I look farther. I look to the influence which these things have upon men's opinion. I look to the contagion of example: I look to what must be the condition of a nation when its rulers are sunk in the pursuit of sordid pleasures, and when they have destroyed, by their profligacy, the reverence, and with the reverence, the obedience of the people. History will teach us wisdom, here, by example; and if we unfold its volumes we shall find that empires and states have fallen, and will fall, by the enervating influence of degeneracy, corruption, and luxury; and this degeneracy, this corruption, this luxury, have been generated, not among the people, emphatically so called; but among their rulers: it is there that they have taken root, budded and expanded, and from them they have silently and gradually descended, till the whole commonweal has become rotten. These are truths that cannot be refuted. Let me not, then, be accused of exaggerating dangers, or exciting needless alarm. The evil may be distant, but have we not cause to tremble, if it be begun? If a man were told, and if he knew the prediction to be certain, that his house would one day fall upon him and crush him, by the silent undermining of rats, would he not be vigilant to prevent a single rat from sheltering in its foundation?

Perhaps, what I have written may be stigmatized as the vehemence of folly. If it be folly, it is, at least, in a good cause. If I anticipate, what can never happen: if I imagine corruption that does not exist: if I foresee consequences that cannot ensue, I shall rejoice in a conviction of my error, and thank him that produces it. But, if *these things are:* and if the eternal course of events proclaims what *must* be the result of these things: I shall surely be pardoned, if, from an anxiety that is natural and honourable to me, I have enlarged the peril, or aggravated the causes. The precision of truth may, sometimes, be laid aside, when its existence is real. If we can alarm men from their vices by magnifying their danger, who shall condemn the process?

To Mr. J. Brown, *in Defence of* A. B.

Sir,

AS you have been pleased to inform us of the generous principle which induced you to publish your remark on A. B.'s criticism, permit me to pay my tribute of respect to that scrupulous honesty which prompted you "to pluck the borrowed laurels from his brow." I applaud the diligence with which you have perused your author; and could I view with the same approbation the use which you have made of his authority, I would content myself with simply recording your praises, and leaving you in full possession of the reward of your ingenuity. But when a man thinks proper to intrude in the discussion of a question, not for the purpose of argument, but merely to hold up one of the parties to ridicule and contempt, or to make a vain display of his own acquirements, it is too bold for him to say that "common honesty" was his only motive.

What you have advanced implies two propositions: that A. B. has borrowed the objection from Lord Kaimes; and that he indulges in a criminal self-complacency on account of the applause which he has received. Now, since it does not follow that an author is a plagiarist, because there happens to be a concurrence of opinion on a given subject betwixt himself and another author, it may not be amiss to enquire, how you came to know that A. B. HAD *borrowed* the argument from Lord K. or that he had ever perused his lordship's work. And, as it is no easy matter to penetrate the recesses of the heart, do inform us how you obtained intelligence that he indulged the self-complacency you mention. Truly, Sir, seeing that you wrote your wise letter the very day when you first observed A. B.'s argument, your time has not been ill

employed in making these profound discoveries.

But the detection, it seems, "had the singular power of at once adding to the weight, and deducting from the merit, of A. B.'s argument "in so far as respects himself at least." I do not deny that the authority of Lord K. would add weight to almost any argument. But A. B. Sir, is content to stand on his own ground; and as long as he exercises his ingenuity in discovering errors in celebrated authors, and thereby preventing the diffusion of bad taste, his opinion will carry with it an intrinsic weight, which will receive but little addition even from the authority of Lord K. and suffer no diminution from the attacks of Mr. Brown.

Your's, &c.

VINDEX.

The ADVENTURES *and* TRAVELS, *in various Parts of the Globe, of* HENRY VOGEL. *Translated from the German.*

[*Continued from p.* 192.]

POCKELSLOH had been hitherto distinguished throughout the whole country for its prosperity, its size, and the number of its inhabitants. For this, however, it had been indebted not to its situation, nor to the extent or fertility of its fields, but solely to the industry and regular economy of its residents. Fifty years before, *Pockelsloh* had obtained the unenviable repute of gluttony and ill manners, but since, labour and frugality had become popular. Hence, the place increased so rapidly in size and population, that the number of children at school, had increased during that period, from 80 to 130. As these grew up and assisted their parents, so the latter increased in wealth.

But now the place underwent a sad change from the influence of the newly arrived family. Virtue and purity of morals, and with them also domestic industry, were openly and fearlessly attacked, and in consequence, much discord was sown in families. What, before, had not been heard of for a series of years, namely, the infidelity of a married woman, or the seduction of a single one, was now become common. The noble gentleman and his servants were so dissolute that it was not easy for a girl to escape their snares. During the remainder of our stay there, we witnessed several melancholy instances of this, and one of the inhabitants lost his life through it. He entertained some suspicion of his wife's fidelity, and he knew well, that among the *nobility*, there are those who think it no disgrace to have an intrigue with a female of low condition, whom they would be ashamed to sit at the same table with, or even in the same pew at church. When he spoke to his wife upon the subject, she did not attempt to assert her innocence by prayers, tears, and looks, by which a woman can sometimes soften the most obdurate heart; but she siezed a large pair of scissars, and, in a violent rage attempted to destroy herself. Her husband, indeed, prevented her, but, unfortunately, there lay also a knife upon the table. This she got hold of, and as he was striving to take it from her by force, the knife, in the scuffle, entered his breast and cut an artery. He lay ill of this wound for six days, and seemed to have some hope of recovery, but on the seventh he expired. The woman vindicated herself upon her trial, in this manner, that his death was to be solely ascribed to the circumstance of his having only six hours before it happened, sought a reconciliation with her, and that the violence of his emotions on that occasion, caused a fresh rupture of the artery, and his death ensued in consequence. As, however, the good man, before he died, had pronounced her free from all intention of killing him, the magistrate declared her innocent.

Another misfortune happened through the children of this *noble* family, which caused many tears to many worthy parents. At the entrance of the village there was a high hill, and on which the children of the place frequently used to play. One day a number of them resorted thither for the purpose of amusing themselves. The sons of the gentlemen were on the hill, and throwing a large stone down it, they killed a most promising youth. The eldest of these

boys ran immediately into the village, and conveyed to the parents the melancholy tidings that his brother had killed their son. The sorrow of the parents was excessive; and every person in the village pitied the unhappy death of the boy, for he was a pious, good youth.

Such and similar accidents had been quite unknown in our village before, and it was not therefore to be wondered at that every one wished this family had never come to *Pockelsloh*. Even our court of justice, in which heretofore strict equity and law were made to go hand in hand with humanity and kindness, was now quite altered; several crimes were committed that well deserved to be carried before higher tribunals. I will mention one or two which happened during our stay there.

A countryman, during harvest time, had half a dozen pewter plates and some other articles, stolen out of his room, the value of which might be about six dollars. Luckily, as the countryman thought, the theft was discovered, for he himself was present, and he forbad his wife and his servants in the strongest manner to take any notice of the loss sustained, for the lord of the manor, if he heard the slightest report of the matter, would perhaps leave him in costs to twice the amount of the things lost, and this to get his own property again! especially as the thieves were not to be found. What happened? About a quarter of a year afterwards, the thieves were taken up for another offence, and they confessed that they had, a little time before, robbed a farmer in *Pocklesloh* of half a dozen plates and some other things. This was reported to the lord of the manor, the farmer was cited to appear, and he was mulcted in the fine of twenty-eight dollars for concealing a robbery!

Another circumstance which happened will affect the reader still more. During the greatest severity of winter, there came, in the course of their peregrination, two travelling journeymen to our village. As strangers, they either did not know that the high and noble gentleman had forbad all beggars to enter the place, or they thought that necessity has no law. He received information of their arrival, and ordered them to be put into confinement as if they had committed some enormous crime. It may well be supposed that the prison was not remarkably well provided against the cold, and the man was so brutal, or at least so thoughtless and so careless, that he never thought of setting the poor youths at liberty till the night was over. It occurred to him, the first thing in the morning, that he had two men in confinement, and he sent to have them liberated. But his messenger found them both frozen to death! They had wound their arms fast round each other, and the last agonies, as they had the implored morsel which was so embittered, they shared in fraternal love!

During this same winter we also experienced the following unkind circumstance. A fire happened to break out in a house. The justice hastened to the place, and used his exertions to extinguish it. He himself laboured indefatigably, ventured into the flames, and stimulated the villagers. Meanwhile came the lord with his huntsman (a young man four and twenty years old) to the fire, called the justice to him, seized him by the hair, and struck him with his stick on the head, to such a degree, that the poor man fell from pain.* The huntsman supported his master during this proceeding, the cause of which was that the justice had neglected the duties of etiquette in not having first informed him that there was a fire in the village, and that he had not given orders to abstain from quenching the flames, till his arrival. Such a man must, notwithstanding his situation, lose all that respect which would otherwise have been shewn to him.

As every thing, therefore, became so much altered, my parents resolved to leave *Pockelsloh*, a place in which they had so long lived happily, and to select such a place of residence where they might again have the comfort of associating with good and worthy persons. Their wish was to have remained in that part of the country,

* What an organized despotism must exist in that country where such a violation of the natural and civil rights of man *dared* to be committed! —*Translator.*

but as no elegible opportunity of so doing presented itself, and as my father had neither the ability nor the leisure to instruct us himself, and my mother perceived that she could no longer educate us as boys ought to be, they resolved to remove to the next town.

They bought a house, therefore, set up a trade, sent us to the best masters, and took every precaution which they could for our instruction and finishing. We had been about three weeks in this place, when I had the misfortune to be bitten by a mad dog in seven different places. The grief and alarm of my parents may be imagined. They sent immediately for the physician and the surgeon, and, until their arrival, continued to wash my wounds with warm white-wine vinegar, and endeavoured to keep them as clean as they could. It was lucky that I fell into the hands of a skilful physician: but for this, I should have become, in a few hours, the most wretched of human beings, for every animal which this infuriate dog had bitten, and even an ox, became mad!

This physician bruised some garlick and rubbed the wounds with it, as long and as much as possible. He then pounded some burdock roots in a mortar, added some common salt to it, made a sort of plaister of it, and applied it to the wounds. By these means I was soon restored to health, nor did I ever, even when in the hottest countries, experience the least inconvenience from the circumstance in any respect whatsoever. This physician had cured, in the same manner, and with some internal medicines, several persons of the hydrophobia. Even sheep, and other kinds of cattle that had been bitten by mad dogs, might be cured in this manner, if used in time, and if every day for a week, a new plaister was applied. I myself healed many in that manner, in the course of my various travels.

My parents had scarcely lived in this place a twelvemonth, when their trade became so much enlarged, that they were obliged to hire a clerk, and as at the same time, their wealth increased, they became more anxious that we should learn every thing that could contribute to our happiness, exclusive of what might be our inheritance. My father was very thankful to our master, and as he had a numerous family to support, with a very scanty stipend, he gave him not only a considerable sum of money for our instruction, but he also promised him, if he lived, to maintain his third son, who was of the same age as myself, at the university.

Such an unusual acknowledgement from a father towards the teacher of his children, could have none but good consequences to myself; and, had schools then been as well conducted as the greater part of them are now, I should have derived still greater benefit from the circumstance. According to the then general custom, about thirty hours in a week were appropriated to public and private instruction; enough, if well employed, too much if ill employed. The fundamental rules of knowledge were entirely omitted; no more time was given to the acquisition of things than what could be subtracted from the acquisition of language without delaying the latter: but it would be better that they should be both conjoined in such a manner, as that they may equally concur to the embellishment of the character, and produce good fruit.

These principles, however, were unknown to the teacher, or rather to the overseer of our school. The two objects were not pursued in common; he did not endeavour that knowledge emphatically so called, and words, should alternately illustrate each other and be mutually acquired. The greater part of the day was spent in Latin and Greek, the authors were read mechanically, without their peculiar beauties being displayed to us. Two hours were given to French; two to theology; an equal number to geography and history; one to philosophy, a little to Hebrew, and one to poetry.

It was lucky for us scholars that our teacher under this schoolmaster, was possessed of adequate knowledge, of a good heart, and of didactic talents. We made, therefore, considerable progress, and were, at least, without the shame, of having let the first half year elapse, unacquainted with the limits of our career, and

unaptly pursuing that career. This reproach did not belong to us.

As I was not, either by nature or by education, neglectful of, or indifferent to my studies, I very early felt a strong desire within me, to increase my knowledge: what had hitherto been aimless and childish pursuit, now began to turn to things of moment and essential activity. I always brought to my studies, health, vigour, a desire of knowledge, a willing memory, and an eager mind. In the public examinations, which were held every year at michaelmas and easter, I always earned great praise. In my seventeenth year, I made my first speech in a public trial of oratory: the subject was the happiness of the virtuous in this life. It was heard with pleasure by my father, but it was, alas! the last pleasure I was ever able to bestow upon him!

[*To be continued.*]

Upon the DOCTRINE *of* DEISM.

SIR,

I SEND for your use, if you think it worthy, another proof that the doctrine of deism has been that of great and perhaps good men in all ages; and that there is nothing new fangled in either republican or deistical opinions.

The following are a few of the sentiments of a scholar of the university of Glasgow, delivered mostly in, and about, the year 1715.

Who this Glasgow scholar was, and more particulars of him, I cannot now acquaint you, being at a distance from my papers, but I will take an early opportunity to do so.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

CLIO RICKMAN.

THE fifth and last year they teach physics in the magistran class. I had no great inducement to study here, for they taught John Clore's physics, and I was reading Samuel Clore's physics, a much better system. All the students in this class are obliged to make a public oration in the common hall, before the professors and the whole college, every one in his turn. When it came to my turn, I chose for my subject *De veritate investiganda*; wherein I asserted, that "no rational creature could believe more than what was consistent with and agreeable to his reason, and that it was absolutely impossible for any rational creature to believe what is contradictory to that reason the Author of nature has given him."

Truth may be concealed for want of capacity to discover it, but of itself it is unalterably the same; as for example, I am told that the square of hypothonuse of a rectangular triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides: this is truth, but I want capacity to discover it. I consult Euclid, who, by laying down plain axioms, obvious to my senses and agreeable to my reason, and going on from one natural consequence to another, equal to my capacity and agreeable to my reason, demonstrates and convinces me that this is truth: it is so, and cannot possibly be otherwise; but if this Mr. Euclid had began with his axioms, two and three are equal to six; one is three, and three are one, &c. I should have stopped here, and said,—This is contradictory to the reason the Author of nature has given me; for my reason dictates to me, that two and three are equal to five, and one is only one, and three are triple the number.

I likewise asserted in that oration, that "what was more or less beneficial to society was more or less virtuous, and *vice versa*; what was more or less detrimental to society, was more or less vicious: and that this was the only virtue (good) and vice (bad) in the world." I endeavoured, under this cloak, to conceal and excuse my own vices as much as I could, not being detrimental to society.

These must be the dictates of my own reason; for I do now solemnly declare, at that time they were not borrowed either from men or books. However, our gymnasiarcha (principal, as they call him) ordered me to come down from the rostrum, and very angrily took my oration from me, of which I have no copy to insert here, and confined me to my chambers. Next day there was a meeting, (a faculty, as they called it) in order to consult whether or not I should

be extruded the college? as my oration struck at the holy mysteries of our religion, and was for the encouragement of vice.

My professor sent for me that evening, and told me, my Lord Pollock, rector magnificans of the university, and one of the senators of the college of justice, said, "He knew my parents; that they bred up all their children in right principles, and in the fear of the Lord; so he could not think that I meant any thing against our holy religion." And my professor was pleased to say, that "the ingenuity of the oration made some apology for some odd and out-of-the-way expressions and notions." But our Principal insisted, that I should make another oration, by way of recantation. This made a great noise in the university, and was the subject matter of conversation amongst every body that had the least smattering of learning, which gave me an opportunity of improving my thoughts and digesting them into a new model, in which I divided all mankind into two classes. The first and lowest, but by far the greatest and most useful part, are governed by the first and strongest law of nature, self-love and preservation. They answer this end entirely, by the force of labour and industry, so as to provide sufficiently for the preservation of themselves and progeny; and those creatures we call irrational act on the very same dictates of nature, to provide for the preservation of themselves and young ones.

The second and highest are ambitious to excel the rest of their fellow-creatures; and in this class enter the three grand professions, divinity, law, and physick, which they acquire by improving their genius through education, so as to arrive by a superior judgment and knowledge to be able to discover and distinguish truth from falsehood. This is the origin of the superiority of one over another, and the cardinal points on which all politics, both in church and state, move, in order to keep the world in ignorance and awe, so that the last may prey on the first; and so I went on, to investigate truth and detect vulgar errors. In short, I was to new model a world that I then could not possibly know any thing at all of, and form a religion perfectly new for myself, which I may call natural religion; for I am sure it could not be artificial, because I know of none, but what I read of, amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, and what I heard at Glasgow. I must own I liked neither, which put me upon this new invention, owing to the fertility of my own brain; and lucky it was for me that my recantation never was heard, or else, I dare say, it would have fared worse for me with our Principal than at first; and if my parents ever heard any thing of these embroils, they were so discreet as never to mention them. I concluded with this infallible maxim:

Magna est veritas et prevalebit;

and then added,

Sed qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

During the whole course of my life-time, I have always had a great aversion and abhorrence to all mysteries in any profession whatever, as a mere imposition on mankind: and I have always opposed, and endeavoured to the utmost of my power, as far as was consistent with my own safety, to expunge them from the professions, and to establish truth in their room, as the only certain rule for rational creatures to govern themselves by.

I remember once Father Burke, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, who was chaplain to the General of the Galleons, one day discoursing about the Reformation in England, it was asserted, that even the clergy were very instrumental in bringing about the Reformation, and that the protestant bishops had made very bold stands for the support of it. "Oh! my faith, then! (said Father Burke) I am greatly surprised that the clergy should be for the Reformation, for I am sure, where they *make* a penny of Jesus since the Reformation, they *made* a pound of him before the Reformation." The holy father spoke great truth. Pope Leo X, says,—*Quantas nobis divitias comparavit ista de Christo fabula?*

I have read Ochinus's History of the Three Impostors, and do not like it at all; but the great mischiefs and direful calamities by dreadful and hor-

rid persecutions, arising from multiplicity of different opinions, and the disputes about them, have cost the world more blood and treasure than all the whole villanies in the world accumulated, which has obliged me to chuse a Creed of my own. During the whole course of my life-time I have always mortally abhorred and hated all priest-craft, king-craft, state-craft, and all craft, but handy-craft. For priests of all religions are the same! and so are statesmen! only differing in proportion to the power and authority they are invested with: witnessed by the testimonies of Cardinal de Rhetz and Father Paul, and strongly exemplified by the practice of our courtiers and patriots, whigs and tories, whilst in and out of place. The only certain distinguishing mark of mankind, by all that I have learnt in this world, is, "He who does the most good offices and fewest bad, whilst he has it in his power, is the best man;" and *vice versa*.. The first is an angelical virtue, and the reverse a diabolical vice. And I am fully convinced, from this and innumerable other observations of the same kind, that self-love is the original source and spring of all actions in human life, good as well as bad.

The whole ecclesiastic history, from the rise of Christianity to the present time, wherein we may learn how the church, by their refined policy in contriving their subtle artifices and intrigues, and in carrying on their consummate villainy and executing their designs, laid the foundation for grasping at overgrown power and authority, and universal dominion and slavery, over the minds as well as bodies and estates of mankind; as wide as the earth could not bound them, they extended their power to the kingdom of heaven, nay, above all, that is God. Vested with the plenitude of power, both spiritual and temporal; and, which is remarkable, never one of them lost or parted with an inch gained by their predecessors, constantly acquiring and adding to their power and grandeur, according to their different abilities and capacities, tying the hands of their successors by the irresistible entail of divine right, interlarded with the most horrid scenes of cruelty, bloodshed, and slaughter in executing their designs, which reflect disgrace on human nature itself, or rather on that religion which had divested human nature of all its humanity, and taught its votaries to thirst after the blood of those who profess any other.

But every man's reason is every man's oracle, and he that follows that guide in the search of truth will have a much better plea to make, whenever or wherever called to account, than he who has resigned himself, either deliberately or inadvertently, to any authority upon earth; for where mystery begins, religion ends, which likewise holds true in all professions; where mysteries begin, professions end in imposture and delusion.

"History is, no doubt, the most instructive and useful, as well as the most entertaining and diverting part of literature, more especially when it is not confined within the narrow bounds of any particular time or place, but extends to the transactions of all times and nations. Works of this nature, as Cicero rightly observe, carry our knowledge beyond the vast and devouring space of numberless years, triumph over time, and make us, though living at an immense distance, in a manner eye-witnesses to all the events and revolutions which have occasioned such astonishing changes in the world. By these records it is that we live, as it were, in the very time when the world was created; we behold how it was governed in its infancy, when mankind were in their primitive state of infancy and simplicity; we see the necessity people were under to form themselves into societies, with the origin, rise, and progress of civil government; how kings and kingdoms have risen, flourished, and decayed; and by what steps they brought upon themselves their final ruin and destruction. By these means we can penetrate into their actions, and easily distinguish the virtuous from the vicious, by seeing what height of happiness mankind arrive at under a regular good government, and abyss of misery they are plunged into by a wicked bad one. From these and other like events occurring in history, every judicious reader may form pru-

dent and unerring rules for the conduct of his life, both in private and public capacity."

"It is a maxim, founded on truth, and promotive of the happiness of mankind, that whatever is generally useful should be generally known; and therefore he who propagates or promotes the knowledge of the sciences, merits the first rank among the benefactors to society and the republic of letters. And the benefits flowing from literature extend to every individual, from the prince on the throne to the meanest inhabitant of a cottage."

I promised to let you have my creed; now I will give it you.

I believe in the unity of God, the Almighty Author of Nature, creator and sole governor of the whole universe, celestial and terrestrial, and all that is therein; and that there is no certainty in any religion but the religion of Nature. I believe all morality consists in doing as you would be done by, according to the eternal and invariable rule of right and wrong: an inflexible guide for us.—I believe all actions in human life proceed from self-love.

The LITERARY LIFE *and* TRAVELS *of* BARON HOLBERG. *Written by Himself. Extracted from the Latin Edition of Leipsick, in* 1743. *By* W. HAMILTON REID.

BARON Holberg, by birth an obscure Dane, will be found to have been one of the most extraordinary characters which the 17th century has produced. By his own exertions he, at length, became, as it were, the Addison of Denmark, one of her best poets, a good historian, and an excellent moralist.

The life is in the form of letters to a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, at whose request also it seems to have been undertaken. After some apology upon the score of diffidence, the Baron proceeds thus:

It is now time to proceed to the thing itself, in order that the preface may not exceed the size of the book. I cannot, my Lord, as many others have done, present you with a long and tedious detail of my ancestors. Indeed this is a task which, if willing, I could not execute, because my birth-place, Bergen, in Norway, is like Noah's ark, which contained all kind of creatures. People come to Bergen from all parts, and seem to claim it as their common country; here they settle and marry, and at length become one people with the natives. Still I have the advantage over many of my fellow citizens, so far that my grandfather, on my mother's side, was born at Bergen. His name was Louis Munthe, and he was Bishop of the place. He could likewise boast of a noble descent; and heaven also blessed him with so many children, that he might very properly have been placed among the patriarchs of Norway. Respecting my ancestors on my father's side, I must confess I am ignorant. My father, however, rose from a very humble station to the dignity of a colonel in the army. This honour he did not obtain by his birth, but by his merit; and it is also sufficient for me, that he was an upright, brave, and inoffensive man, and was generally beloved for his conduct. In particular, he could boast of the favours of his Excellency Count Ulrich Frederick Guldenlowe, under whom he had served in Norway, and obtained additional reputation.

I lost my father while I was an infant at the breast. He left us a decent patrimony; but we were deprived of nearly the whole of it by an unlucky fire, which broke out at midnight at a neighbour's house. We had nothing left us through this calamity, excepting a few cottages, which my father purchased but a short time before his death. The small revenue they afforded was scarcely sufficient for a family so large as ours: however, frugality and economy repaired this loss in some measure, and ten years after, when my mother died, she left this little inheritance to her children unincumbered and free from debt.

Being now ten years of age, in consequence of the death of my mother, I chose the military life, and was accepted in one of the regiments raised in Upland. The custom was just then introduced into Norway, for allowing pay to the children of commissioned officers; so that it

might be said they were enlisted in their cradles. These officers' children were named corporals; this gave them a little advantage beyond that of private men. When of age these corporals were appointed over parties of ten; and among these I was accepted, upon the condition of its being my future study to make myself acquainted with military affairs. But as my propensity to learning, from my earliest infancy, was not unknown to my superiors in Upland, Otto Munthe, to whom I was related on my mother's side, so far encouraged me to prosecute my study of the belles lettres, as to put me under the tutor to whom the care of his own children had been entrusted.—This tutor, however, seemed to wish to distinguish himself by his severity only. He never appeared to be so happy as when he had some chastisement to inflict upon his pupils. In fact, he was by no means fitted for the office he held; and I afterwards learned that he had taken to some other profession: upon which I could not do otherwise than rejoice, as it appeared to be his intention to disgrace the Latin language by every means in his power. I perfectly recollect one of the embellishments that he intended to add to that tongue. In this it is a rule never to suffer the particle *non* to conclude a sentence; but he, instead of the phrase "Non possum tibi satis facere," would have it "Possum tibi satis facere non;" from whence the strength of his conceit was manifest beyond contradiction. Had I never fallen into his hands, I believe I might have boasted that I should have gone through all the other schools without any correction.

But to pass over several trifling incidents which occured in the schools, I was at length sent by my relatives to a Colonel Krog. This gentleman had three sons, the youngest of which slept with a tutor kept in the house. This tutor's name was Erasmus; for tippling no man in the country could exceed him. In his usual way he came home one night, and not being able to undress himself, he threw himself upon the bed with his clothes on. The young lad with whom he slept, being between sleeping and waking when the tutor came to bed, persuaded himself that he was visited by a ghost, and, without staying to give the matter a thought, sprang out of bed, and came into the chamber where I and two more of the family were sleeping. It seems that creeping to the foot of the bed he had been there about an hour, when by a sudden turn he awakened us, or rather myself, who was the first to spread the alarm that our room was haunted. My companions were in a moment seized with as great a panic as if they had been beset by a legion of devils. The poor lad, perfectly awakened by the alarm we raised, was equally as much frightened as ourselves. In reality he thought himself in so much the more danger as laying at the foot of the bed, and in a manner alone, he would be the first whom the supposed spirit would lay hold of. Under this impression it seems he remained till his fears had so far got the mastery over him, that he was determined at all events to quit the bed's foot and come up to us at the head. All this having passed without a word being spoken on either side, the nearer he approached us the more were our fears increased, till a cold sweat and all the apprehensions attending it became mutual.—To sleep was no longer possible. I am persuaded that all that darkness could administer to fear, was our portion; and that, if it was possible to have collected all the prayers said on that occasion, they would make a tolerable volume. As for my companions, who had not made any progress in theology beyond the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, to make up the deficiency, they continued repeating their graces before and after meat. Some of us would most undoubtedly have alarmed Erasmus, the regular house tutor, but for the apprehension, from his known manners, that his appearance might be as bad to us as that of a spirit. Morning, however, arrived at length, when our new bed-fellow jumped out calling for Erasmus with all his might, a cry in which we joined most heartily; and notwithstanding Erasmus had hardly got rid of his over night's debauch, he was not long before he made his appearance, crossing himself

most devoutly. Daylight, notwithstanding, and a little explanation soon cleared up the whole mystery. Consequently, upon this ground, I did for a long time deny the possibility of what are called spirits, and all that belongs to them: at least I am convinced that numbers of people have been brought from a strong belief in them to no belief at all, by similar circumstances. In the mean while, notwithstanding all that Becker and others have written to persuade us that every thing of this nature is false and fabulous, it will not be an easy matter to effect it, unless these writers can persuade us to reject a very great portion indeed of the credibility of history.

Soon after leaving the house of Colonel Krog, my mother's brother, Peter Lemm, took me solely under his care; and with him I remained till the unhappy fire at Bergen, of 1702, laid so many houses and public buildings in ashes. In the course of this year my pastor, M. Severin Lintrup, sent me to Copenhagen, where I had no sooner passed my examination than the want of the means of maintenance obliged me to return to Bergen. Soon after that the Provost at Vos entrusted me with the education of his children, notwithstanding I was uncommonly young for such a situation. But besides this event, which contributed to my rising celebrity, whenever M. Lintrup, the rector, was indisposed or absent, I was called upon to preach and officiate in his place. For a whole year also it was a part of my office to correct the scholars, and to be sent upon the mission appointed to preach to the peasantry. In reality, I succeeded much better as a preacher than a pedagogue; for, in consequence of taking too much pains to excite my mistress' eldest son, of whom she was extravagantly fond, to the love of learning, his mother procured my discharge, and I was again thrown upon the wide world. I took nothing with me indeed, excepting the encomiums which the peasantry had heaped, as it were, upon my eloquence; for they compared me with the late Master Peter, who had formerly been the preacher in this diocese, and who had been looked up to as a second Chrysostom. In reality, my dismissal gave me very little uneasiness, as my patience was by no means calculated for the office of teaching children; besides, I was so much harassed by the night mare, that I was convinced nothing would tend to my recovery so effectually as a change of place.

I proceeded to Copenhagen without loss of time, and next to the French and Italian languages, I endeavoured to make myself better acquainted with divinity; in which I afterwards made such advances in the course of the winter, that I had not the least doubt of passing the public examinations to which divinity students are subjected. I even obtained public commendation for my industry, and had the pleasure of being classed with the *Laudabilem*. With these praises, but with an empty purse, I returned once more to Bergen; when, alas! the low state of my finances again compelled me to submit to the yoke of a pedagogue, which I had so recently shaken off. —Just at that time, Magister N. Schmidt, lecturer in theology and vice-bishop of Norway, was in want of a tutor for his children, and I was so fortunate as to obtain the situation; but which I had not held many months, before it appeared to me that I had fallen into a state of the most abject slavery. The vice-bishop in his youthful days had travelled for a considerable time upon the continent, and had seen most of the kingdoms of Europe; and with some faint idea of following his example, I availed myself of every opportunity which the intervals of labour afforded me to read his journals, in which he had noted all the remarkable things that came under his observation, till, notwithstanding my want of the means, I was so strongly disposed to follow his example, that, without weighing the numerous obstacles that opposed my design, I gave my employer notice of my intention. He expressed his regret at parting with me, and acknowledged that my pupils had profited under my instructions. But nothing that he or my relatives could urge to the contrary could alter my resolution: it was not to be moved by the anger of the one, or the regret of the other.

My next business was to turn all my property, moveable and immoveable, into money: but though I could not, with my utmost exertions, muster more than sixty crowns, I remained firm in my purpose, and set out for Holland without delay. In fact, it was upon my learning, and not upon my money, that I reckoned: and as I conceived that being master of the French and Italian languages, I should at all times be able to recruit an empty treasury, I flattered myself nothing more would be wanting; and besides, I never easily altered any resolution that I had once engaged in.

Steering for Amsterdam we had scarcely made the island of Vliet before we imagined we had met with a pirate, who, though he did not attack us, gave occasion to a very laughable incident. The cook of our vessel, being exceedingly alarmed lest this pirate should deprive him of the little money he possessed, threw the whole of it, closely wrapped up in a dirty leathern purse, into a large kettle of soup then upon the fire; but scarcely was the danger over, and the supposed pirate out of sight, when dinner being called for, the cook brought it up, and was the first to inform us of the expedient he had used to save his money, and seemed to expect approbation for such an instance of his prudence. In this, however, the half-simpleton was not a little disappointed. Some swore, some refused to eat, and very few laughed. At length it was proposed, that the cook should be tried for a misdemeanour; but the whole affair passed off, and we arrived in safety at Amsterdam.

The first fortnight, after I arrived here, was occupied in viewing the public buildings and other curiosities; but I was no sooner satisfied with the sights I had seen, than, beginning to turn my attention to my money concerns, it struck me that my treasury would soon be empty. I knew not where to replenish, and therefore I began to repent of my undertaking. I soon found, from observing the turn and temper of the Hollanders, that they set more value upon a Skipper, than a Salmasius, or even a Grotius. Even in the houses at Amsterdam, used by my own countrymen, instead of finding the company make room to give place to a person of my profession, as it is the custom in Norway, I have been obliged to stand, and see others all besmeared with pitch and tar welcomed by the whole company.—Danes as well as natives I found, as if they had agreed together, that I was out of my proper place; and the hints and admonitions frequently given me, rendered my situation very unpleasant. I was as unable to proceed as unwilling to return. My whole supply in money I found would not, with the utmost economy, last me more than a few months: and, at length, being attacked by a continual fever, a medical man, Mr. Ivan Brederock, seriously advised me to try the waters at Aix la Chapelle. Much persuasion was not necessary to induce me to take this step; and I was pleased, notwithstanding my circumstances, to have the shadow of a pretext for seeing a strange place.

I set out for Germany under the idea, that even my temerity might possibly tend to bring me out of my embarrassment. But, contrary to my expectation, the journey there cost me so much, that I could not conceive how it would be possible for me to come back again, especially when I found myself obliged to pay at least four florins for a passport at Ruremonde. When I came to Aix la Chapelle, six rix-dollars constituted all that I was worth in the world, another sorry passport excepted, which I could with difficulty read: for to me it appeared more like a satire than any thing else: it read as follows,—*Laissez passer et repasser, le garcon, Louis d'Holberg, d'Amsterdam;* viz. "Let the lad, Louis Holberg, of Amsterdam, pass and repass." I must confess that my youthful appearance often exposed me to contempt, and also induced my fellow travellers sometimes to expostulate with me upon the impropriety of leaving my country at so early an age. One time, entering an inn, a preacher took it into his head to make an enquiry of this kind, when beckoning me towards him very seriously, he said, loud enough to be heard by all the company, "*Hoer gy well manche! quando deservisti studia tua?*" As this reproach stung me pretty deeply, I interrupted him with such a volley

of Latin words and phrases, that the poor pastor, not chusing to contend, resigned his office of inquisitor, and, getting hastily up from his seat, he exclaimed,—*Dic heer ist en theologant; ick gratuleere myn heer.* viz. "The gentleman is a divine; I congratulate the gentleman." In respect to my appearance, even two years after this, when I was in England, and used sometimes, as the custom is, to smoke a pipe of tobacco at a betermost kind of public-house, I remember a citizen, who used to sit near me, could seldom refrain from laughing, and once absolutely exclaimed, "Well! this boy, I see, will smoak!" Much the same thing happened to me in France, at a period when at home I ranked as *Professor Extraordinarius.* My landlord was talking with one of the bourgeois, and the latter asking my age, the other answered, *C'est un garcon de dix huit ans.*

But to return. I lived at Aix la Chapelle with such frugality that no one could accuse me of imprudence. However, necessity at length induced me to take a step, which otherwise would never have entered into my head. I privately packed up all I had, and thought to have left the place and my host for the present unpaid; but, to my shame and confusion, I was detected, and compelled instantly to pay the last farthing.—This event likewise, for a long time, made such an impression on my mind, that, sleeping as well as waking, I frequently thought mine host was again in the act of detecting and detaining me in my intended flight.

[*To be continued.*]

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

[*Continued from page* 194.]

At Sea, July 30th, 1808.
latitude S. 8° 36′ 11″
longitude E. 156° 25′ 38″

ON Tuesday, the 28th, saw land, being two hummocks; distance about seven leagues, which we supposed were the islands called the Brothers. The wind being very fresh, we were very soon abreast of one of them, which proved to be the island of Simboo, in Bougainville's straits. We were uncertain whether they were inhabited till we observed a large canoe coming very fast towards us. We shortened sail to let her come up. There were three men in her, who brought cocoa nuts, bread fruit, and some ornaments made of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, and wanted hatchets and hammers in return; as we had not any of these to spare, we offered nails, knives, and old iron; with the last they were much pleased. We saw several more canoes, but making more sail we passed them, and made close in shore off the end of Simboo. The land appeared very high, and covered with trees of a lively green. We sailed along the weather side of the island, and not finding any harbour, anchored with the best bower in sixteen fathoms water within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The ship was immediately surrounded with canoes, with upwards of an hundred natives: we saw but two women amongst them. These people, their canoes, and the country they inhabited, found a striking contrast to those we had so recently left. The greatest beauty our New Caledonian friends possessed, at least in our opinion, was the unsullied whiteness of their teeth, whereas the whole of these people had their teeth, probably from their constant use of the beetle nut, dyed as black as their skins, which were some shades darker than those of the New Caledonians. It was, perhaps, owing to the same cause that their eyes were all much inflamed. Their stature was considerably below the New Caledonian standard, but their limbs had a roundness that gave a great neatness to their persons, which were very clean. Many of them had their hair powdered. This powder was excessively white, and was supposed to be made from lime; it gave many of them a terrific appearance, by their eyebrows being filled with it, and circles being likewise drawn round their eyes and mouths, made them, at a little distance, look like masks. They also wore small shells strung like beads, as bandeaus, necklaces, earrings, and girdles of the same,

with bracelets of pearl round their arms and legs. Their weapons were spears and bows and arrows. With these they must do dreadful execution from their having a long barb of the tail of the sting-ray, which has a sharp point, and is jagged on each side with notches like teeth. The island bore the appearance of a garden in high cultivation. The ascents were steep but covered with cocoa nut, bread fruit, and banana-trees down to the water's edge; and the huts of the natives were just discernible in various places in the midst of the trees. A fine aromatic smell came wafted by the breeze from off the land, which we found very reviving; as the weather had been intensely hot for some days. It was extremely mortifying to be so near to such an inviting spot, without being able to take a ramble on shore; but one interview with the natives convinced us that this would be too hazardous to attempt, unless we had some other object besides mere pleasure in view. The activity of these people surpassed every thing I ever saw, and I doubt whether in any other part of the world they are excelled in dexterity in thieving. They fairly run up the sides of the ship without any difficulty, and notwithstanding there were several men, a petty officer, and the second lieutenant on the quarter deck, one of them snatched up two bayonets, jumped upon the railing, and thence over the side of the ship into the water, swam to a canoe that lay a little distance off, deposited the bayonets in her, sprang in, and, with two other men in her, paddled off with incredible swiftness. No boat that I ever saw could overtake one of these canoes; they are long, very sharp, with a prow that has a fine curve at each end, and very high. Many of them are ornamented in a neat style with shells and mother-of-pearl; the sides are studded with the latter like stars, or devices of fish; and birds and human faces appear for figure heads. The paddles which are small and delicately formed, are made of a light wood resembling yellow-wood, with coloured rings.

Soon after day-light the next morning, there were sixty canoes off, containing some hundreds of men. A number of them came on board, and others clung to the sides of the ship. Though the utmost vigilance was observed to prevent any depredation, several things were stolen out of the officer's cabins. One of them having snatched a small spying-glass out of one of the cabins, the window of the port was fixed in, which had six panes of the thickest crown glass; however, they found an opportunity to break one of them, unfasten the window, and snatch a large handsome dirk, with the belt to it, that was hanging up in the cabin. This was so great a prize to make off with, that notice was instantly given to the rest, who all (to the number of two hundred as near as I could compute), sprang at once from various parts of the ship into the water, through which they darted with surprising velocity, and, getting into their canoes, made off.

Amongst the canoes was a war-canoe, with one of their chiefs on a high seat in the centre of the canoe, which had fifty men on board, with several musical instruments made of reeds; and a great quantity of spears and arrows, very few of which they would part with. This canoe, though much larger, was made like the others, and notwithstanding its size, was light and elegant.

I was greatly entertained with the dexterity the natives displayed in the water. They really appeared quite as much at ease in this element as when out of it, and are entitled to the epithet of amphibious. They wrenched some iron work off from one of the boats, pulled a scuttle from its hinges, and in short seemed determined to take whatever they could carry off, even the children they saw; with one of these, a boy of about ten years of age, son to the gunner, one of these fellows would have jumped overboard, had he not been prevented by an officer, who observed him making the attempt. This circumstance prevented me from enjoying a moment's peace of mind, during our stay, which was prolonged till the ensuing morning by its blowing a heavy gale of wind.

Previously, however, to making sail the next morning, in heaving the cable, we carried away the messenger, and the anchor having hooked a rock,

after having hove a great strain on the cable, we were obliged to cut away, and of course lost the anchor. Here was a prize for the natives could they have raised it; for no doubt, as they so often dive, they would find it; but as it will be an unattainable object, it will cost them much labour without any profit.

We had light airs, and proceeded very slowly along the islands called the Brothers. These islands with some others that lay contiguous, were called by the natives of Simboo, Bellalla, Ganunga, Peteranna, Sappa, and Java. Several canoes came off, exactly of the same construction as the former, and the people resembled the others in size, colour, and costume, but appeared milder in their dispositions. The next morning we saw Solomon's islands, and shortly after Bougainville's. The whole of them were covered with trees, and presented beautiful outlines. About three o'clock P.M. we were alarmed by the water becoming suddenly shoal over a sandy bottom, which could be perceived over the side of the ship, whilst a reef of rocks appeared at no great distance. By good management, however, we cleared this danger, and were in a few minutes out of soundings. At the moment of alarm, one of the men fell from the mainyard into the chains, and was much bruised; had he fallen overboard, he would, in all probability, have been devoured by five large sharks that were passing on that side of the ship just as he fell.

July 2d. Part of Bougainville's island in sight, towering above the clouds apparently as high again as the island of Palma. The next islands we made were Lord Anson's and Sir Charles Hardy's. We sailed abreast of the latter at a very little distance. It is twelve miles long, of equal height, rather low, and entirely covered with trees.

July 5th. On the 3d, we were off New Ireland, and the islands of Bournand and Oraison. In the evening we observed two canoes coming off: in the largest were nine people, and in the smallest three. The small canoe turned back after approaching the ship within half a mile, and the largest turned towards the shore within a quarter of a mile, occasioned, I suppose, by its beginning to grow dark. These canoes seemed to be hollowed out of trees like those of New Caledonia. On the beach opposite to the ship a number of natives were observed walking along, and as soon as those in the canoes had joined their companions, two large fires were made on the beach. The next day four canoes came off with six natives in two of them, and four in each of the others. They advanced with great caution, and when within a hundred yards of the ship, the two foremost waited for the others to join them, and then proceeded slowly all abreast. After advancing to within half that distance, they made another halt, all of them continuing perfectly silent. We held out whatever we thought would entice them to come on. A silk handkerchief being thrown to them, they ventured near enough to pick it up, loitered a few minutes, and then returned as fast as possible to the shore. They had come merely to gratify their curiosity, without bringing even a cocoa nut. They were large athletic people, of a dark copper colour, and entirely naked. As we proceeded along, some more canoes came off with natives from Antieve of Dampier and Boucage, two islands of New Ireland, who resemble those just described, in size and colour, are free from timidity, and deal with honour and honesty. I am not, however, without some suspicion of their being cannibals, from the circumstance of there being amongst the curiosities I collected from them, two human bones: one of these, a large arm bone, is fixed as a handle to a spear with six rows of human teeth round it.

We had the company of these islanders almost the whole of yesterday, and I could not help observing that every part of these pretty persons was totally neglected, but their precious heads, on which they bestow a world of pains. Their bushy hair is cut in the form of a helmet: the centre part from the neck to the forehead, is loaded with a red powder resembling brick-dust: the hair on each side is cut close to the head, and on one side is a thick plaister of a yellow composition, and on the other one of white, with long peaks that

touch the corners of their eyebrows.

We have not seen any place that has a more fertile appearance than New Ireland. It is a thick wood of lofty trees reaching to the summits of the highest hills, and in various places there are patches of some acres, apparently cleared and in cultivation, though I should rather suppose this was done by the hand of nature. In one of the last canoes that came off, there was a native perfectly white, with light woolly hair, but whether he was born so, or that the colour of his skin was changed by any cutaneous disorder, I can not tell: the latter was the general opinion, but the bent of my mind was, that he was born white.

July 8th. We are now off the extreme west point of the coast of New Ireland, where there are numerous islands of various beautiful shapes, and covered with trees, mostly cocoa nuts. None of these islands are laid down in the chart; indeed the plan of the whole of the coast is very inaccurate; but this is easily accounted for, Bougainville having sailed at a considerable distance from it, whilst on the contrary, we coasted the whole length of it within a few miles.

Having thus had the pleasure of conducting you to the end of New Ireland, I shall lay down my pen, with the intention of resuming it when a sufficiency of interesting matter has accumulated in my journal to frame another letter, that I may hope may be acceptable to you.

W.

[*To be continued.*]

ESSAY *on the first* HUMAN SOCIETY, *according to the* MOSAIC HISTORY.

UNDER the same controul of instinct by which the irrational brute is now guided, man was introduced into life by Providence; and as his reason was not yet developed, Providence acted the part of a watchful nurse over him. By hunger and thirst it pointed out to him the necessity of food; and whatever he required to satisfy that necessity, it spread around him in profuse abundance, and taste and smell directed him in the choice of it. A mild and genial climate atoned for his nudity, and his defenceless life was preserved by an undisturbed and general peace. The propagation of his species was provided for, by the innate desire implanted in him; and thus the motley compound, man, partaking of the vegetable and brute, was completed.—His reason now by degrees began to unfold itself, and, as Nature still thought, provided and acted for him; his powers could direct themselves more easy and undisturbed to the tranquil observation of things; and his reason, being emancipated from all care, could employ itself undisturbed on the improvement of the organs of speech, and regulate the yet tender association of ideas. With the eye of a happy being he surveyed the glorious creation which was spread before him: his mind embraced all its phenomena, and treasured them pure and genuine in a faithful memory. Thus the beginning of man was soft and smiling, and it required to be so to strengthen him for the contest which awaited him. If we were now to suppose, that at this point Providence stopped, man would have become the most happy and intellectual of all animals; but he never would have escaped from the leading strings of instinct; his actions would never have become free and, consequently, moral; nor would he have risen above the limits of animality. In a blissful tranquillity he would have lived in an eternal childhood; and the circle in which he would have moved would have been the smallest possible from desire to enjoyment, from enjoyment to rest, and from rest again to desire.

But man was destined to a very different state; and the powers which were implanted in him excited him to happiness of a very different nature. The task which Nature had undertaken to perform for him in his cradled infancy, now in his adolescence devolved upon himself. He was to become the creator of his own happiness, and the degree of this happiness was to be determined by the participation which he had in it. He was excited by his reason to search for the state of innocence which he had lost, and, as a free rational spirit, to return to that point from which he

emerged as a plant and as a creature of instinct. He was to work his way out of a paradise of ignorance and servitude to one of knowledge and freedom; one, in which he would obey the moral laws in his breast with the same fidelity as in the commencement he obeyed the laws of instinct, and as the animals now obey them. What circumstances were therefore inevitable? What events must necessarily happen before he could reach this far distant aim? So soon as his reason had made a trial of its first powers, Nature cast him off, or, to speak with more propriety, he himself, instigated by a particular impulse which he knew not, and ignorant of the great action which he in that moment committed, tore himself from the leading strings of instinct, and with his yet feeble reason plunged into the labyrinth of life, and entered on the dangerous path of moral freedom. If we therefore transmute the voice of God in Eden, which forbade him to eat of the tree of knowledge, to a voice of his own instinct, which made him shun the tree, then his supposed disobedience to that divine commandment is nothing more than a decline of his instinct, consequently, the first display of self-agency, the first exploit of his reason, and the commencement of his moral existence. This decline of the instinct of man, though it produced moral evil in creation, in order to render moral good possible in it, is without contradiction the greatest and most fortunate event in the history of man: from this moment he dates his freedom, and here the foundation stone was laid of his morality. The historian is wholly in the right, when he treats this circumsance as a fall of the first man: but the philosopher is not less in the right, when he congratulates human nature in the aggregate on this important step towards perfection. The first is in the right to call it a *fall*; for man from an innocent being became a guilty one, from a perfect *elève* of nature an imperfect moral being, and from a happy instrument an unhappy artist.

The philosopher is in the right to call it a gigantic step of human nature, for from a slave of instinct man became thereby a free agent, from an automaton a moral being, and with this step he first entered on the road, which after a lapse of millenaries was to guide him to the dominion of himself. The way which led to enjoyment now became more long and tedious. In the commencement he had only to stretch forth his hand to make function immediately follow desire, but now reflection, industry, and trouble intervened between desire and its enjoyment. Peace was broken between him and the beasts. Necessity now drove them to destroy his plantations, and even to wage war on himself; and he therefore called his reason to his aid, to procure him security, and artfully to obtain that superiority of powers which nature had denied him. He found it necessary to invent arms and weapons, and by strong and well guarded habitations defend himself from his enemies. Nature here indemnified him by joys of the mind, for the common enjoyments of which she had deprived him.

[*To be continued.*]

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

POEMS, *by Sir* JOHN CARR. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 228. Price TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE!

WITH the proudest consciousness of our own merits, we demand the approbation of our readers when we inform them that we have, in spite of yawning, laughing, rubbing our eyes, wriggling in our chair, and stretching, absolutely gone through the present volume. This is no mean praise. It is a conspicuous proof of our patience and our benevolence, virtues of rare growth in a critic. Of the first of these virtues no subsequent act of our own can rob us; to the last we shall perhaps forfeit the claim before we dismiss Sir John Carr from our notice.

It is perfectly fair to remark, that we took up the present volume with strong prejudices against its author.

These prejudices we could no more help than a man can his antipathy to a well known swindler, if he happens to be in his company. The swindler *may* have some virtues, but we should be slow to believe them; and Sir John Carr may have gleams of sense that occasionally illumine the vast expanse of dullness that dwells upon his mind, but we have never found them. These are things of mere possibility, and too much faith is not to be reposed in what is simply possible. We hope we are not without that candour which would have suffered us to rejoice in a discovery, yet unmade, of Sir John's talents. We did not indeed look for them; for who looks for roses on a rock?

To this volume of poems we have every objection to make that can possibly be made to a book. It is printed with a shameful diffusion of paper and type, in order to enhance its price, and in doing which we commend the knight's policy more than his honesty. "If my volume sells for half a guinea," says he, (we make Sir John the interlocutor, because we really do not think that any bookseller would be simple enough to purchase his copyright) "why then, as I cannot hope for many purchasers, they who *do* buy shall make up for those who do *not*." Very well.—Thank heaven, *we* have not to sigh over the loss of half a guinea, and we pity those who have. It is nothing less than a literary fraud to print a volume as this is printed, many of its pages containing nothing more than what the author facetiously pleases to call an epigram, of two lines! Perhaps our knight hopes to soften the reader's indignation by the display of his own face as a frontispiece. We will honestly confess that his countenance is an accurate index of what the contents of the volume *must* be.

Our next objection is, of course, to these contents. They are as various in their nature as can be engendered by vanity upon folly: by vanity that thinks itself equal to all, and folly that proves itself unequal to any.—Sir John's muse is like a train of gunpowder: it takes fire at every thing. If a lady wears a muslin veil, he tells her immediately, that "little stars," meaning her eyes, were never made to shine through "misty skies," meaning her veil. (p. 64.) If he sees a fool in a corner holding a broom, (we do not mean to say that Sir John writes with a looking glass before him) his muse tells us that his broom is "his wife, his child, his prize," (p. 33), thus ingeniously connecting, at once, matrimony and the "lucky lottery office," and conveying a delicate intimation that marriage is a prize. If a lady wears a diamond cross upon her bosom, he is so enraptured, that his muse ambles through eight lines without any meaning at all. (p. 29.) Nothing can escape him. No, not even Bedlam; for the sight of its dilapidated walls reminds him of a "cracked head," and at that moment a strange, unaccountable sympathy suggested to him that his own might be prefixed to the present volume. Such and so various are the topics of this volume; and now, albeit scrupulous of polluting our pages with mere insipid dullness, we will exhibit a specimen or two.

How sweetly Sir John warbles his elegiac strains let the following declare:—

With horror dumb, tho' guiltless, stood
Beside his dying friend,
The hapless wretch who made the blood
Sad from his side descend!!!

"Give me thy hand; lov'd friend, adieu!"
The gen'rous suff'rer cried!
"I do forgive and bless thee too;"
And, having said it, died!!

And Pity, who stood trembling near,
Knew not for which to shed,
So claim'd by both, her saddest tear—
The living or the dead!

Sir John has a charming felicity in writing what he calls epigrams and impromptus. Ex. Gr.

EPIGRAM
On the Author and Eliza frequently differing in Opinion.

To such extremes were I and BET
Perpetually driven,
We quarrell'd every time we met,
To kiss and be forgiven.

EPIGRAM,
Upon seeing the dilapidated state of Bethlem Hospital.

Well with the *purpose* does the *place* agree;
For e'en the very house is *crack'd*, you see.

IMPROMPTU,
In reply to a Lady, who asked the Author what Childhood resembled.

How like is childhood to the lucid tide
That calmly wanders thro' the mossy dell,
Sweeps o'er the lily by the margin's side,
And, as it kisses, murmurs out, Farewell!

EPIGRAM
On the Grave of Robespierre.

Nay, passenger, don't mourn his lot;
If he had liv'd, why you had not.

EPIGRAM,
On winning a young Lady's Money at Cards.

How fairly Fortune all her gifts imparts;
We win your money, Ann, and you our hearts.

JEU D'ESPRIT,
Upon a very pretty Woman asking the Author his Opinion of Beauty.

Madam! you ask what marks for beauty pass:
Require them rather from your looking-glass!

Our readers should be informed that *each* of these epigrams occupies a page to themselves! Whether this be done as illustrative of their own emptiness; or whether, from a high and proud belief on the part of the author, that even his *own* poetry placed in juxtaposition with such bright and dazzling irradiations of wit would but obscure their glory, it is not for us to decide. Certain it is, that they stand alone: and so standing, they reminded us of a pig in a flower garden; more conspicuous in their deformity from their singleness.

At p. 14, there is a story of a certain maiden, called *Rebecca*, who, as was very natural to maidens, and very much like all young maidens, wished to know who her husband was to be. What did she do to find it out?—Why

Rebecca heard the gossips say,
"Alone from dusk till midnight stay
Within the church-porch drear and dark,
Upon the vigil of St. Mark,
And, lovely maiden, you shall see
What youth your husband is to be."

Well, she did so. And what happened? Oh! something very horrible. What was it? Patience, and you shall hear. There was a "roguish scout," ycleped *Paul*, who slyly guessed what she was going to do at "St. Stephen's church;" so, when poor Rebecca had stood till midnight, and had undergone a reasonable quantity of "wild fears," "cold blood," "fast pulses," and had heard a sufficient number of "screech owls" and "bats," *Mister* Paul, dressed like a ghost, "all so grim," did rise up from a grave

"unlucky knave," and cried,

"Fair maiden, come with me,
For I your bridegroom am to be."

Of course no maiden would like a ghost for a husband, so she

"Sent forth a hideous shriek, and died!"

And then comes the moral, which is,

"Fright not, fond youths, the timid fair;"

and so ends the story of Paul and Rebecca.

We have often heard, that a poet's visions are very unlike those of common men; and it must be so, for Sir John has seen, *mirabile dictu!* the sea "in a *flutter*." (p. 50.) How pleasant it is to observe great things compared with small: and what a lively image a cockney must have of the ocean, if he has even seen his own mother in a flutter at the unexpected arrival of a guest to dinner just as the family were sitting down to suet dumplings and sugar sauce. It is this happy art of illustrating the vast which bespeaks the true poet. But Sir John abounds in these felicities of diction. At p. 2, he tries to "*rear* a feeling" in the mind of a nymph: at p. 5, "every bosom *thrills* colder than marble:" at p. 6, the moon is converted into a lamplighter, for she "*trims* up her waning lamp:" at p. 101, the nightingale is called a "dark warbling bird;" but whether the author means to say that she warbles in the *dark* when the *moon shines*, (for the first line says that this luminary "bespangled the murmuring wave,") or whether he would express a very singular, but no doubt a poetic idea, that she *sings dark*, is really beyond our comprehension. At p. 209, Sir John indulges his philological erudition with the use of "*captivations*."

Thus far we have done due honour to Sir John's language: let us now consider his sentiments. He wanted to picture a lady's modesty and beauty. What did he do? Read and learn:

I look'd the fragrant garden round
For what I thought would picture best
Thy beauty and thy modesty;
A lily and a rose I found,—
With kisses on their leaves imprest,
I send the beauteous pair to thee.

N.B. These occupy a page to themselves!

He saw a fool in a cottage. It was a tempting subject, and down he sat to write as follows:—

LINES

Written in a Cottage by the Sea-side, (in which the Author had taken Shelter during a violent Storm) upon seeing an idiotic Youth, seated in the Chimney-corner, caressing a Broom.

'Twas on a night of wildest storms,
When loudly roar'd the raving main,—
When dark clouds shew'd their shapeless forms,
And hail beat hard the cottage pane,—

Tom Fool sat by the chimney-side,
With open mouth and staring eyes;
A batter'd broom was all his pride,—
It was his wife, his child, his prize!

Alike to him if tempests howl,
Or summer beam its sweetest day;
For still is pleas'd the silly soul,
And still he laughs the hours away.

Alas! I could not stop the sigh,
To see him thus so wildly stare,—
To mark, in ruins, Reason lie,
Callous alike to joy and care.

God bless thee, thoughtless soul! I cried;
Yet are thy wants but very few:
The world's hard scenes thou ne'er hast tried;
Its cares and crimes to thee are new.

The hoary hag,* who cross'd thee so,
Did not unkindly vex thy brain;
Indeed she could not be thy foe,
To snatch thee thus from grief and pain.

Deceit shall never wring thy heart,
And baffled hope awake no sighs;
And true love, harshly forc'd to part,
Shall never swell with tears thine eyes.

Then long enjoy thy batter'd broom,
Poor merry fool! and laugh away,
'Till Fate shall bid thy reason bloom
In blissful scenes of brighter day.

After all, here was a subject which a mind possessing true genius might have made something of. It is Sir John's praise, that he can make nothing of any thing.

* It is generally believed by the peasants of Devonshire, that idiotcy is produced by the influence of a witch.

Some encomiastic lines to a young lady begin thus:

Oh form'd to prompt the smile or tear,
At once so sweet and so severe! p. 212.

But the following is in Sir John's happiest vein of humour:—

LINES,

Written en badinage, *after visiting a Paper-Mill near Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the lovely Miss W——, who excels in Drawing, requesting the Author to describe the Process of making Paper, in Verse.*

Reader! I do not wish to brag;
But, to display Eliza's skill,
I'd proudly be the vilest rag
That ever went to paper-mill.

Content in pieces to be cut;
Tho' sultry were the summer-skies,
Pleas'd between flannel I'd be put,
And after bath'd in jellied size.

Tho' to be squeez'd and hang'd I hate,
For thee, sweet girl! upon my word,
When the stout press had forc'd me flat,
I'd be suspended on a cord.

And then, when dried and fit for use,
Eliza! I would pray to thee,
If with thy pen thou would'st amuse,
That thou would'st deign to write on me.

Gad's bud! how pleasant it would prove
Her pretty chit-chat to convey,
P'rhaps be the record of her love,
Told in some coy enchanting way.

Or, if her pencil she would try,
On me, oh! may she still imprint
Those forms that fix th'admiring eye,
Each graceful line, each glowing tint.

Then shall I reason have to brag,
For thus, to high importance grown,
The world will see a simple rag
Become a treasure rarely known.

There is more than jest in this; and our knight has had proofs of being "cut up," both in literary and other courts. At p. 94, he presents us with a translation of a German song, from which we easily gather that he does not know the language. The following lines,

Und wüsten wir, wo jemand traurig läge,
Wir gäben ihm den wein.*

he translates, with spirited elegance, which deserves admiration, thus,

If any one is mournful found,
One sip shall make him dance!!! p. 94.

* The literal meaning of these lines is,—

"And knew we where one sorrowing lay,
To him we'd give some wine."

We have three reasons for believing that Sir John will consider us as having unfairly treated him: and heaven defend us from an action at law! These reasons are, first, his vanity; secondly, the epigraph to his volume; and, thirdly, his preface.—For his vanity, all who have read him are acquainted with that; for his epigraph, it is as follows:

> Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
> Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
> Novit, fatigatamque nugis
> Utilibus recreare mentem.

And for his preface, it plainly shews, that he thinks the present volume something very good. It is written with rank affectation of timidity: but the cloven foot is perceptible. We, however, have done what we felt to be our duty; and we have expressed our real and unbiassed opinion of the author and his book.

THE SONS, *or* FAMILY FEUDS. *A Tragic Play. In Five Acts. By* T. JONES. 1809.

THERE is nothing which surprises us more in the course of our literary function than that perpetually recurring phenomenon, an author pertinaciously writing without one qualification for composition. A man who knows nothing of painting, never attempts to present a picture to the public; nor does he, who is ignorant of the gamut, presume to compose an air: but an author is restrained by none of these delicacies of mind. They who can, and they who cannot write, all strive

> and do their best
> To make as much waste paper as the rest.

Mr. Jones, who has heard, we presume, of a certain Shakspeare, thought he could write a play. It was a most unlucky thought for himself, and for us too. That it was unlucky for himself we have little doubt he will confess when he gets in his printer's bill: and that it was unlucky for us, need not be told, for we have read his book. One specimen will suffice for a display of Mr. Jones's powers of writing tragedy.—A lady, called *Almira*, has an inclination to poison herself; so in she comes with a cup of poison in one hand and a taper in the other, necessary, we imagine, to light the cup to her mouth. But Madam *Almira* is far from greedy, and she is very anxious to share this delicious coffee-cup of arsenic with a friend of hers called *Olivia*, who however has no partiality to such drams, and therefore is not to be found. It was very allowable, therefore, in *Almira* to drink it all herself, since she could find no friend to drink with her.—Who would not do the same? Before she swallows this delightful dose, she talks a little to herself; our author herein shewing his deep knowledge of human nature, by making a *woman talk* even at the point of death. Thus she bursts forth:

> "Ha! my soul would burst its
> Very confines!—gone! Olivia fled!—Oh!!
> Almira is undone.—Two brothers lost
> MAYHAP!" p. 90.

Mayhap as how it may be so: but then you should have waited to see, and not be in such a hurry. Well. After she drinks, she exclaims,

> "I yield, my heart is *clog'd*:
> 'Tis over now."

Faith, and its time we think: but it was not all over, for she goes on, (a woman will talk to the last, if it is to nobody but herself,

> "I faint; my *head runs round*,*
> My eyes grow dim, and every object fades;
> Now may the demon of destruction long pursue
> Oh—" *(Dies.)*

And when the demon catches *Oh*, we shall be glad to meet with Mr. Jones again. Success to the race.

SOLOMON: *a Sacred Drama. Translated from the German of Klopstock. By* ROBERT HUISH. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.

THE writings of Klopstock are less known in this country than they deserve to be. In Germany he is regarded with great veneration, and he is justly considered, among them, as the father of their epic poetry.

* What an amusing thing it must be to see the lady's head describing a circle, and the lady herself running after it!

His Messiah is a great, though an unequal poem, and this is what may be said of every human production. Perhaps, indeed, it is what ought to be said, for it is only by inequality that we can derive pleasure from the productions of genius. Inequality does not necessarily suppose defect. We should rejoice to see an able translation of the Messiah in the English language. A translation which should retain not simply the meaning (for that is an humble merit) but the spirit, the energy, the very rhythm of the original. Such a translation should be undertaken with the same noble consciousness as animated a Dryden and a Pope, when they sat down to transfuse the thoughts and manner of Homer and Virgil into their native tongues. He who undertook it must labour slowly: he must not translate it as a thing of the moment: he must fill himself with the feelings and conceptions of his author, and write, as he would imagine Klopstock himself would have writtten had he been an Englishman.

With regard to the present volume, we scarcely think that Mr. Huish has selected the most interesting of Klopstock's sacred dramas: but this objection has the less force as the translator has announced his intention of presenting the public with the sacred dramas of the *Death of Adam*, the *Death of Abel*, and *David*, in the course of the ensuing month. Perhaps it would be better, if in his future labours, he were a little more attentive to the quantity of his lines; and to the punctuation, which, in the present volume is so very defective, as often to obscure the sense.

In the preface to the book we noticed one or two errors of construction, and at p. xii. there is the following unacccountable one. "M. de Toureil in his preface to his translation of the two harangues of Demosthenes and *D'Eschines*, says, &c." Surely Mr. Huish does not suppose Eschines to have been a Frenchman! The following errors in the translation may also be rectified in a future edition.

"Art thou alone, O Seer, the friend of him,
Who in the lap of bliss, its comforts tastes?
And not of him, whom constant mis'ry stings,
And thence our pity, and our pardon *claim*." p. 19.

It should be *claims*, the nominative being *who*.

"And were it not in me a *madlike* thought." p. 226.

This is a compound epithet unauthorised by any classical English writer.

The following specimen will exhibit the translator's skill:—

SIXTH SCENE.

SOLOMON—DARDA.

SOLOMON.

Thou art alone! of all my friends now left,
The only one, in whom I trust can place;
Were not all joy now banish'd from my soul,
And every source of bliss exhausted,
Were not the light within me chang'd to night,
I should rejoice to meet thee here alone,
But then ——

DARDA.

I would speak, yet must be silent,
Now do thou direct me.

SOLOMON.

Be not silent,
I come to ask thee to pronounce a word.

DARDA.

Speak it Solomon——

SOLOMON.

Death!—O wish me dead,
Thou will'st not?—speak it with the solemn tone
Of one with God's authority invested;
O wish me dead,—thee, perhaps fate will hear,
But to my pray'rs a deafen'd ear is turn'd,
And I am sicken'd with continual toil,
Weary of groping in the maze of thought,
And still no outlet gain. For thee, there's truth,
For me there's none, or 'tis hidden from me;
But to convince thee of my trust in thee,
And that thou now my wretchedness may'st know,
So hear the dismal doubt, which racks my mind,
And like a stormy cloud pursues my steps,
Leaving me gasping in the throes of death.
Yet thou shalt not hear it, for how could I,
Of hope bereft, of thee assistance ask?
And in my sufferings involve my friend?

DARDA.

When thou art silent, I do suffer more,
Than when thou speakest, and if my pity
Thee no aid can grant, 'tis yet consoling.

SOLOMON.

Hear it then, my friend, and all ye spirits,
Who with melancholy my heart oppress,
Which once with joy and purest gladness beat:
Ye gods around me hover, and behold
Me your victim, by you in mis'ry plung'd.
That God, whom Abraham and Moses own'd,
And all our people, He is the wisest,
And the mightiest, and the best of Gods;
He is the father of all other gods,
But he is far too great, and too exalted,
To take concern of such a world as this,
And be the Lord of man.

DARDA.

O cease, my friend,
A chilling horror creeps o'er all my frame.

SOLOMON.

O wish me dead, but do not curse thy friend.
For what I now have said may not be true,
But truth it seems. For after weary nights
Of contemplation deep, and racking thought,
I nought discover'd which that truth defies,
When I beheld the virtuous suffer,
And the wicked flourish.

DARDA.

O God of gods!
Do thou forgive me, if I unworthy,
Of thy wisdom speak. Is there not a state
In future promis'd, where, in endless bliss,
The good shall live, and all the ungodly,
In the dread torments of a hell be plung'd?
Is not this life then, but the spring of life,
That the soul in future may for ever live?
And has not He, the best, and mightiest,
And the first and the wisest of all gods,
He who is the father of all other gods,
Has he not call'd himself the Lord of man?
And is not that with certain truth combin'd,
Which of himself the God of gods reveals?

SOLOMON.

Thou mak'st me fear, and ah! if I have err'd,
T'is an abyss most deep and horrible,
In which I've fallen. But hear me, Darda,
Nor curse thy friend; by whom hast thou been taught,
That there's another, and eternal life?
When this, which thou hast call'd the spring of life,
Has run its time? Did Moses teach it thee?
Nor do I deny, our fathers ever
The belief enjoyed, that the Creator
From the high state of heav'n's king descended,
To be the Lord of this most abject world,
And chose our people as his favor'd race;
But say, who this doctrine to our fathers taught?

DARDA.

Who but the Lord, the great Creator's self.

SOLOMON.

Then let him also teach it unto me.
How could he ever teach it unto him,
Who doubts its truth?

DARDA.

Was David then not good,
Because he once did err?—

SOLOMON.

Thou convinc'st me not.

DARDA.

Were all our friends now here together met,
Would they be able to convince you more?

SOLOMON.

To thee would I now only full expose
All that my heart dismays, then be silent—

DARDA.

A number sooner can direct a man,
Than he direct a number.

SOLOMON.

Thou should'st say
Mislead him more,—do thou thy speech restrain,
And sacred be to thee the trust of friendship.

DARDA.

Great was my joy, that thou at last again,
Thy bosom open'd to thy faithful friend,
Nor more conceal'd, whate'er thy soul confus'd,
But now my joy to painful grief is turn'd.

SOLOMON.

Joy did'st thou feel? O tell me what it is,
To feel that joy within your bosom dwells.

DARDA.

Thou now wilt feel it, for thy early friend,
This day from distant Ophir is return'd,
Thy faithful friend, thy Sarja.

SOLOMON.

Sarja return'd?
From Ophir did'st thou say?—knowest thou him?
I ever held him number'd with the dead,
From Ophir's golden streams, he comes not now,
But from the vale of death to me returns,
From that deep night, impenetrably dark,
From which no soul has ever yet return'd,
From which my Darda will not to me return,
Nor to my friend shall I. Where is Sarja?

DARDA.

He now with Chalkol to his father's gone.

SOLOMON.

The joy already from my breast is flown,
Caus'd by my friend's return,—short was the joy,
And like the sun beam on the desert plain,
Shone but to make the after gloom more deep;
This was the only joy my heart has felt,
For heavy have my days with grief been weighed,
But now 'tis flown, for he will Nathan hear,
And from him learn, who on the Olive Mount
This day prepares the solemn sacrifice;
Go, bring Nathan here, and Sarja too.

SEVENTH SCENE.

SOLOMON.

Is now my Sarja from the grave return'd?
And to the grave must now my Heman go?
Soon will the youngest of the queens appear,
Leading the children to the altar's flames,
They before Heman go!—and shall they die?
God hears me not, nor yet my death I seek.

The expression "*by God* I pray you," p. 94, is ludicrous if not irreverent. It is a German idiom.

The work is dedicated to Hannah More in a most exuberant address.

The TRAVELS *of Captains* LEWIS *and* CLARKE, *from St. Louis, by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the Pacific Ocean; performed in the years* 1804, 1805, *and* 1806, *by order of the Government of the United States. Containing Delineations of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Indians, compiled from various authentic Sources, and original Documents, and a Summary of the statistical View of the Indian Nations, from the official Communication of* MERIWETHER LEWIS. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.

THE public expectation has been long excited respecting this work; and now that it has made its appearance, we no not think that expectation will be disappointed. Captains Lewis and Clarke have collected much curious information, both with regard to the manners and customs of the American Indians, and the commercial advantages that may be derived from a closer intercourse with them. By the way, we cannot too highly commend the moderate price, (nine shillings) and unassuming form of this volume. Had it fallen into the hands of a certain bookseller, it would have made its appearance in quarto, *illustrated* with tawdry plates, printed upon hot pressed paper, and published for *two guineas* at the least.

From a work like the present, we cannot but persuade ourselves that we shall perform a more acceptable service to our readers by presenting them with some interesting extracts, than if we were to gratify our *own* pleasure by inditing our *own* thoughts. When a book is barren, there is some excuse for neglecting its contents: but when it is valuable and instructive, it is the peculiar office of a reviewer to pay more attention to it than to himself.

The introduction contains some useful commercial details:—

"The benefits that arise from the discoveries of unknown regions, are too numerous to be here mentioned.

"From the knowledge of geography are derived many intrinsic advantages. It not only feasts the imagination with the amusement of novel descriptions; but is the life of commerce, whence the arts and sciences receive succour, and a reciprocal benefit.

"It cannot fail of giving pleasure to the philanthropic mind, to behold implements of agriculture put in the hands of the uncivilized barbarian, to provide and protect him from the precarious reliance on the chase for a scanty sustenance. The time is not far distant, in all moral probability, when the uncultivated wilds of the interior part of the Continent, which is now only inhabited by the tawney sons of the forest, and the howling beasts of prey, will be converted into the residence of the hardy votaries of agriculture, who will turn those sterile wildernesses into rich, cultivated, and verdant fields.

"It may be suggested, that the sufferings of the Aborigines, from the importation of foreign diseases, and the more baneful influence of spirituous liquors, more than counterbalance the benefits they receive from civilization. These objections, it must be frankly confessed, are very powerful. But it is hoped, that vigilant measures will be pursued, by a

government professed to be founded on the principles of humanity and wisdom, to prohibit the introduction of spirituous liquors among them.—The small-pox has raged, when little or no communication was held with them. Provisions are already made to introduce vaccine inoculation among them, which will prevent those horrid ravages that are mentioned in the course of the work.

"It may be thought matter of surprise, that regions, upwards of three thousand miles in length, bordering on a country inhabited by an inquisitive and enterprising people, who could avail themselves of the benefit of a lucrative fur trade, should remain so long unexplored. Many impediments have retarded the tour, that has laid open to view a country hitherto hidden from the knowledge of the civilized American.

"Attempts have been made by the great discoverer, Capt. Cook, to find a communication by water in the northern regions between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Whether the two great oceans are joined together in those regions remains an uncertainty; but the rigours of a frigid zone evinced that, though they joined, it was impracticable to navigate from one to the other.

"To travel among the Indians, is but too often thought the road that inevitably leads the unfortunate adventurer to an untimely death. The barbarity of the Indians in war is proverbial; but, in time of peace, hospitality and humanity are traits justly due to their character. It is a judicious saying of an eminent traveller among them, that 'in time of peace no greater friends, in time of war no greater enemies.'

"Before the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, the jealous disposition of the Spaniards debarred all adventures for discoveries from that quarter.

"These impediments would compel the discoveries of the western part of the continent, to be made by a voyage by the way of Cape Horn, which would be too long, arduous, and expensive to entice the enterprize.

"In the year 1789, the celebrated traveller, Alexander Mackenzie, embarked from Fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58 deg. N. longitude 110 deg. W. from Greenwich, and with the greatest fortitude, under embarrassing and perilous circumstances, he explored with assiduity the northern region to nearly the 70th degree of north latitude, where obstruction by ice compelled him to return to Fort Chepewyan. Thence he ascended the Peace River to its source, and and thence to the Pacific Ocean; making many discoveries, which he judiciously narrated in his journal.

"The following statement of the commerce of the Missouri is made by a gentleman, which will sufficiently shew the advantages that arise from it.

"'The products which are drawn from the Missouri are obtained from the Indians and hunters in exchange for merchandise. They may be classed according to the subjoined table.

			d.	*c.*	*dols.*	*cts.*
Castor	12281 lbs.	at	1	20	14737	20
Otters	1267 skins		4	—	5068	—
Foxes, Pouha Foxes, Tiger Cats	802 skins		0	50	401	—
Raccoons	4248 skins		0	25	1062	—
Bears, black, grey, and yellow	2541 skins		2	—	5082	—
Puces	2541 skins		2	—	5082	—
Buffaloes	1714 skins		3	—	5142	—
Dressed cow hides	189 skins		1	50	283	50
Shorn deer skins	96926 lbs.		0	50	38770	40
Deer skins, with hair	6381 skins		0	50	3190	50
Tallow and fat	8313 lbs.		0	20	1662	60
Bears' oil	2310 galls.		1	28	2472	—
Muskrats	——		——		——	—
Martens	——		——		——	—
				S.	77971	20

" 'The calculation in this table, drawn from the most correct accounts of the produces of the Missouri, during fifteen years, makes the average of a common year 77,971 dollars.

" 'On calculating, in the same proportion, the amount of merchandise entering the Missouri, and given in exchange for peltries, it is found that it amounts to 61,250 dollars, including expenses, equal to one-fourth of the value of the merchandise.'

" 'The result is, that this commerce gives an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about 27 per cent.

" 'If the commerce of the Missouri, without encouragement, and badly regulated, gives annually so great a profit, may we not rest assured that it will be greatly augmented, should government direct its attention to it. It is also necessary to observe, that the price of peltry fixed by this table is the current price in the Illinois: if it were regulated by the prices of London, deducting the expenses of transportation, the profit, according to our calculation, would be much more considerable.

" If the Missouri, abandoned to savages, and presenting but one branch of commerce, yields such great advantages, in proportion to the capital employed in it, what might we not hope, if some merchants or companies with large capital, and aided by a population extended along the borders of the river, should turn their attention to other branches of the trade, which they might undertake (I dare say) with a certainty of success, when we consider the riches buried in its banks, and of which I have endeavoured in these notes to give an idea.'

" *An estimate of the produce of the several Mines.*

'Mine a Burton..550,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66⅔, is 336,666⅔ lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is.....	18,333 33
To which add 30 dollars, (on 120,000 lbs. manufactured) to each thousand, is.....	3,600 —
	21,933 33
'Old Mines..200,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66⅔, is 133,333⅓ lbs. lead at 5 dollars, per cwt. is.....	6,666 67
'Mine a la Mott..200,000 lbs. lead, at 5 per dollars cwt. is..	10,000 —
'Suppose at all the other mines 30,000 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is	1,500 00
	18,166 67
Total amount is....Dollars	40,30

" When the manufacture of white and red lead is put into operation, the export valuation will be considerably augmented on the quality of lead."

Our travellers embarked on the 14th of May, 1804, from St. Louis, on the expedition, " providing themselves with every thing requisite for the prosecution of the voyage, particularly with large quantities of ammunition and fire arms, for the purpose of protecting them from the hostile attacks of the natives, and for procuring food." They also took a large quantity of medals, trinkets, &c. for the purposes of barter and conciliation. The party consisted of forty-three, and it was generally divided into two companies; the one for hunting, who travelled by land; the other to remain in the water conveyance, which consisted only of two small perogues and a batteau. Larger vessels would have obstructed them in ascending the Missouri near its source.

The following account of the Missouri and the inhabitants on its banks is interesting:—

" The Missouri is already ranked among the greatest rivers. It is an object of astonishment to the whole world. The uninformed man admires its rapidity, its lengthy course, and the salubrity of its waters, and is amazed at its colour; while the reflecting mind admires the innumerable riches scattered on its banks, and, foreseeing the future, beholds already this rival of the Nile flowing through countries as fertile, as populous, and as extensive as those of Egypt.

" The Missouri joins the Mississippi five leagues above the town of

St. Louis, about the 40th deg. of north lat. It is necessary to observe, that after uniting with the Mississippi, it flows through a space of 1,200 miles before it empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico. As this part of its course is well known, I shall speak of the Missouri only.

"I ascended about 600 leagues, without perceiving a diminution either in its width or rapidity.—The principal rivers which empty into the Missouri are, as you ascend, the Gasconade, the river of the Osages, the two Charaturns, the Great river, the river Des Canips, Nichinen, Batoney, the Great and Little Nimaha, the river Plate, the river De Sioux, the L'Eau Qui Court.

"As far as twenty-five leagues above its junction with the Mississippi, are to be found different settlements of American families, viz. at Bonhomme, and Femme Osage, &c.; beyond this, its banks are inhabited only by savage nations—the Great and Little Osages, settled one hundred and twenty leagues on the river of that name; the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loupes or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, the Sioux: the last nation is not fixed on the banks of the Missouri, but habitually goes there to hunt.

"The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies: it is remarked, that the higher you ascend this river, the more common are these prairies; and they seem to increase every year by the fires which are kindled every autumn by the savages, or white hunters, either by chance, or with the design of facilitating their hunting.

"The waters of the Missouri are muddy, and contain throughout its course a sediment of very fine sand, which soon precipitates; but this circumstance, which renders them disagreeable to the sight, takes nothing from their salubrity.

"Experience has proved, that the waters of the Missouri are more wholesome than those of the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The rivers and streams, which empty into the Missouri, below the river Plate, are clear and limpid; above this river, they are as muddy as the Missouri itself. This is occasioned by beds of sand, or hills of a very fine white earth, through which they take their course.

"The bed of the Missouri is obstructed with banks, sometimes of sand, and sometimes of gravel, which frequently change their place, and consequently render the navigation always uncertain. Its course is generally west by north-west.

"To give a precise idea of the incalculable riches scattered on the banks of the Missouri, would require unbounded knowledge.

"The flats are covered with huge trees; the *Liard*, or poplar. The sycamore, out of one piece of which are made canoes, which carry nearly 18,000 cwt. The maple, which affords the inhabitants an agreeable and wholesome sugar. The wild cherry tree, and the red and black *walnut*, so useful in joiners' work. The red and white *elm*, necessary to cartwrights. The *Triacanthos*, which, when well trimmed, forms impenetrable hedges. The water-willow, the white and red mulberry tree, &c. &c.

"On the shores are found in abundance the white and black oak, proper for every kind of shipwrights' and carpenters' work; the pine, so easily worked; and, on the stony mountains, the durable cedar.

"It would be impossible to detail all the species of trees, even those unknown in other countries, and the use that can be made of them, of which we are still ignorant.

"The plants are still more numerous. I will pass lightly over this article, for the want of sufficient botanical knowledge. The Indians are well acquainted with the virtues of many of them; they make use of them to heal their wounds, and to poison their arrows; they also use various kinds of *Savoyanues*, to dye different colours; they have one which is a certain and prompt cure for the venereal disease.

"The lands on the borders of the Missouri are excellent, and when cultivated are capable of yielding abundantly all the productions of the temperate, and even some of the warm climates; wheat, maize, and every species of grain, Irish potatoes, and excellent sweet potatoes. Hemp seems here to be an indigenous plant: even

cotton succeeds, though not so well as in more southerly countries. Its culture, however, yields a real advantage to the inhabitants settled on the banks of the Missouri, who find in the crop of a field of about two acres sufficient for the wants of their families.

"The natural prairies are a great resource, being of themselves excellent pasturages, and facilitating the labours of the man who is just settled, who can thus enjoy, with little labour, from the first year a considerable crop. Clay, fit for making bricks, is very common. There is also *Fayance clay*, and another species of clay, which, in the opinion of intelligent persons, is the real koaolin to which the porcelain of China owes the whole of its reputation.

"There are found on the borders of the Missouri many springs of salt water of every kind, which will yield more than sufficient salt for the consumption of the country, when it shall become inhabited.

"Salt petre is found here in great abundance, in numberless caves, which are met with along the banks of the river.

"The stones are generally calcareous and gates. There is found one also, which I believe to be peculiar to the banks of the Missouri. It is of a blood red colour, compact, soft under the chisel, and hardens in the air, and is susceptible of a most beautiful polish. The Indians use it for their calumets; but from the extent of its layers, it might be easily employed in more important works. They have also quarries of marble, of which we only know the colour; they are streaked with red. One quarry is well known, and easily worked, namely, a species of plaster, which we are assured is of the same nature as that of Paris, and of which the United States make a great use: we also found volcanic stones, which demonstrate the ancient existence of unknown volcanoes.

"We were confirmed in the belief, that there were volcanoes in some of their mountains, by the intelligence that we received from the Indians, who informed us, 'that the Evil Spirit was mad at the Red People, and caused the mountains to vomit fire, sand, gravel, and large stones, to terrify and destroy them; but the *Good Spirit* had compassion on them, and put out the fire, chased the *Evil Spirit* out of the mountains, and left them unhurt; but when they returned to their wickedness, the *Great Spirit* had permitted the *Evil Spirit* to return to the mountains again, and vomit up fire; but on their becoming good, and making sacrifices, the *Great Spirit* chased away the Evil Spirit from disturbing them, and for forty snows* he had not permitted him to return.'

"The short stay we have generally made among the savage nations, has prevented us from making those researches which would have supplied us with more extensive information, respecting the various mines found on the borders of the Missouri. We know, with certainty, only of those of iron, lead, and coal; there is, however, no doubt, but that there are some of tin, of copper, of silver, and even of gold, according to the account of the Indians, who have found some particles or dust of these metals either on the surface of the earth, or on the banks of small torrents.

"I consider it a duty at the same time to give an idea of the salt mines and the salines, which are found in the same latitude on the branches of the river Arkansas. At about 300 miles from the village of the Great Osages, in a westerly direction, after having passed several branches of the river Arkansas, we find a flat, of about fifteen leagues in diameter, surrounded by hills of an immense extent: the soil is a black sand, very fine, and so hard that the horses hardly leave a trace. During a warm and dry season, there exhales from this flat, vapours, which, after being condensed, fall on this black sand, and cover it with an incrustation of salt, very white and fine, and about half an inch thick; the rain destroys this phenomenon.

"At about eighteen miles from this flat, are found mines of genuine salt near the surface of the earth. The Indians, who are well acquainted with them, are obliged to use levers to break and raise it.

"At a distance of about fifteen leagues from the flat, of which we have just spoken, and in a southerly

* Forty years.

direction, there is a second mine of genuine salt, of the same nature as the other. These two mines differ only in colour: the first borders on a blue, the second approaches a red.—Much further south, and still on the branches of the Arkansas, is a saline, which may be considered as one of the most interesting phenomena in nature.

"On the declivity of a small hill there are five holes, about a foot and half in diameter, and two in depth, always full of salt water, without ever overflowing. If a person were to draw any of this water, the hole would immediately fill itself; and about ten feet lower, there flows, from this same hill a large stream of pure and sweet water.

"If this country were peopled, the working of these genuine salt mines would be very easy, by means of the river Arkansas. This species of salt is found, by experience, to be far preferable to any other for salting provisions.

"Should these notes, imperfect and without order as they are, but in every respect founded on truth, and observations made by myself, excite the curiosity of men of intelligence, capable of investigating the objects which they have barely suggested; I do not doubt, but that incalculable advantages would result to the United States, and especially to the district of Louisiana.

"It is impossible to give an exact account of the peltries which are brought down the Mississippi, as they are all immediately transported to Canada, without passing any port of this country: we can obtain a true statement only from the settlements on the lakes. It is but a short time since the Red River has been explored.

"After leaving the river Des Moens, the fur trade from the Upper Missouri is carried on entirely by British houses, and almost the whole of the fur which is obtained from the other Indian traders is also sent to Canada, where it commands much higher prices than at New Orleans; where, in fact, there is no demand. It is also necessary to observe, that the further north we go, the greater is the value of the peltries. It is but a few years since peltries have been exported from America by way of the Ohio. It is to be desired, that the eastern part of America should encourage this exportation, by raising the prices of peltries to nearly those of Canada.

"The countries at the head of the Missouri and of the Columbia rivers bear a great similarity; being cold and very sterile, except in pasturage only. At the foot of the mountain, at the head of the Missouri, lives a tribe of Indians called *Serpentine* or *Snake Indians*; who are the most abject and miserable of the human race, having little besides the features of human beings.

"They live in a most wretched state of poverty, subsisting on berries and fish; the former they manufacture into a kind of bread, which is very palatable, but possesses little nutritious quality. Horses form the only article of value which they possess: in these the country abounds; and in very severe winters they are compelled to subsist on them, for the want of a better substitute for food. They are a very harmless inoffensive people. When we first made our appearance among them they were filled with terror; many of them fled, while the others who remained were in tears, but were soon pacified by tokens of friendship, and by presents of beads, &c. which soon convinced them of our friendly disposition.

"The Snake Indians are in their stature crooked, which is a peculiarity, as it does not characterise any other tribe of Indians that came within the compass of our observation. To add to this deformity, they have high cheek bones, large light coloured eyes, and are very meagre, which gives them a frightful aspect.

"For an axe we could purchase of them a good horse. We purchased twenty-seven from them, that did not cost more than one hundred dollars; which will be a favourable circumstance for transporting fur over to the Columbia river.

"At the head of the Columbia river resides a tribe by the name of *Pallotepallors*, or *Flatheads*. The latter name they derive from an operation that renders the top of the head flat, which is performed while they are infants, when the bones of the cranium are soft and elastic, and are

easily brought to the desired deformity. The operation is performed by tying boards, hewn to a proper shape for the purpose, which they compress on the head. In performing this eccentric operation, many infants, I think without doubt, lose their lives. The more they get the head misshapen, the greater do they consider its beauty.

"They are a very kind and hospitable people. We left in charge with them, when we descended the Columbia river, our horses, which they kept safe. They likewise found where we had concealed our ammunition in the earth; and had they not been an honest people, and preserved it safe, our lives must have been inevitably lost; they delivered up the whole, without wishing to reserve any, or to receive for it a compensation.

"They, like the Snake Indians, abound in horses, which subsist in the winter season on a shrub they call *ever green*, which bears a large leaf, that is tolerably nutritious; they likewise feed upon the side of hills out of which gush small springs of water that melt the snow and affords pasture. In this manner our horses subsisted while going over the rocky mountains.

"The country inhabited by the Snake and Flat-headed Indians produces but very little game."

Our travellers thus describe the reception they met with from the natives:—

"The treatment we received from the Indians, during nearly three years that we were with them was very kind and hospitable; except the ill treatment we received from the Sioux tribe, who several times made attempts to stop us; and we should have been massacred, had we not terrified them from their murderous intention, by threatening them with the small-pox, in such a manner as would kill the whole tribe. Nothing could be more horrible to them, than the bare mention of this fatal disease. It was first communicated to them by the Americans, and it spread from tribe to tribe with an unabated pace, until it extended itself across the continent.

"'This fatal infection, spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed with its pestilential breath, whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented to those who had the melancholy and affecting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead and dying, and such as to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence. The habits and lives of those devoted people, who provide not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nothing was left them, but to submit in agony and despair. To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the sight of the helpless child, beholding the putrid carcase of its beloved parents dragged from their huts by the wolves (who were invited hither by the stench), and satiated their hunger on the mangled corpse. Or, in the same manner, serve the dog with food, from the body of his once beloved master. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had just reached, to call his family around him, to represent their sufferings and cruel fate from the influence of some *evil spirit*, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to invite them to baffle death with all its horrors, with their own weapons; and, at the same time, if their hearts failed in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly follow them to the chambers of death.'* The Indians being destitute of *physicians*, living on *animal food*, and plunging themselves into *cold water*, on the first discovery of the disease, rendered it generally mortal.

"While we were at Fort Mandan the Sioux robbed several of our party when they were returning to the fort, with the fruits of an excursion after game; and murdered several of the Mandan tribe in cold blood, without provocation, while reposing on the bosom of friendship. On hearing of

* A western traveller.

this massacre, Captain Clark and the greater part of us volunteered to avenge the murder; but were deterred by not receiving succour from the Mandan warriors; who declined to avenge the outrage committed on them. The probable reason of their not enlisting was, that they were too much afraid of the superior number of the Sioux to venture an engagement.

"Soon after this massacre, we received authentic intelligence, that the Sioux had it in contemplation (if their threats were true) to murder us in the spring; but were prevented from making the attack, by our threatening to spread the *small pox*, with all its horrors among them. Knowing that it first originated among the white people, and having heard of inoculation, and the mode of keeping the infection in phials, which they had but an imperfect idea of, a bare threat filled them with horror, and was sufficient to deter them from their resolute and bloody purpose. This stratagem may appear insignificant to the reader, but was of the greatest consequence to us; for to it alone we owed not only the fate of the expedition, but our lives.

"Most of the tribes of Indians, that we became acquainted with (except the Sioux), after being introduced by our interpreter; and having found that our intentions were friendly towards them; never failed of greeting us with many tokens of their friendly disposition. Soon after our interview, we were invited to smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children in particular, were not wanting in shewing tokens of friendship, by endeavouring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they generally held a council, as they term it, when their chief delivers a 'talk,' in which they give their sentiments respecting their new visitors; which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

"When we departed, after taking leave, they would often put up a prayer; of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan:—'That the great spirit would favour us with smooth water, with a clear sky by day, and a bright star-light by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but that the great *pipe of peace* might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the *great spirit* would take us home in safety to our women and children.' These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting with great vehemence their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight."

There are some curious traits of the Indian character in the subsequent extract.

"They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies, which is rooted in every Indian's breast, and never can be eradicated. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him, that he has been informed, that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going, which might probably do him mischief. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution, as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

"This apathy often shews itself, on occasions that would call forth the favour of a susceptible heart. If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months, either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more re-

fined beings, and give rise to mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house: he there sits down, and with as much unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him, do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during his absence, though perhaps he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field, (whose loss he ought to have lamented) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from his home.

" If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease; he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

" If you tell an Indian, that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is, ' they have done well,' and makes but very little enquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints, he only replies, ' it is unfortunate,', and, for some time, asks no questions about how it happened.

" This seeming indifference, however, does not proceed from a suppression of the natural affections; for, notwithstanding they are esteemed savages, I never saw among any other people greater proofs of filial tenderness; and although they meet their wives after a long absence with the stoical indifference just mentioned, they are not, in general, void of conjugal affection.

" Another peculiarity is observable in the manner of paying their visits. If an Indian goes to visit a particular person in a family, he mentions to whom his visit is intended, and the rest of the family immediately retire to the other end of the hut or tent, and are careful not to come near enough to interrupt them during the whole conversation. The same method is pursued when a young man goes to pay his addresses to a young woman; but then he must be careful not to let love be the subject of his discourse, whilst the day-light remains.

" They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire with the greatest readiness any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections, to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping during the whole of that space in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.

" With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty a flying enemy escapes discovery.

" They are indebted for these talents, not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual faculties, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience.

" They are in general very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes, for ages back, to which

they will appeal and refer, with as much perspicuity and readiness, as Europeans can to their written records.

"Every nation pays great respect to old age. The advice of a father will never receive any extraordinary attention from the young Indians; probably they receive it with only a bare assent; but they will tremble before a grandfather, and submit to his injunctions with the utmost alacrity. The words of the ancient part of their community are esteemed by the young as oracles. If they take, during hunting parties, any game that is reckoned by them uncommonly delicious, it is immediately presented to the eldest of their relations.

"They never suffer themselves to be overburdened with care; but live in a state of perfect tranquillity and contentment, being naturally indolent. If provisions, just sufficient for their subsistence, can be procured with little trouble, and near at hand, they will not go far, or take any extraordinary pains for it, though by so doing they might acquire greater plenty, and of a more estimable kind.

"Having much leisure time, they indulge this indolence to which they are so prone, by sleeping and rambling about among their tents. But when necessity obliges them to take the field, either to oppose an enemy, or to procure food, they are alert and indefatigable. Many instances of their activity on these occasions, will be given when we treat of their wars.

"The greatest blemish in their character, is that savage disposition, which impels them to treat their enemies with a severity, that every other nation shudders at. But if they are thus barbarous to those with whom they are at war, they are friendly, hospitable, and humane in peace. It may with truth be said of them, that they are the worst enemies, and the best friends, of any people in the world.

"They are, in general, strangers to the passion of jealousy, and brand a man with folly that is distrustful of his wife. Among some tribes the very idea is not known; as the most abandoned of their young men very rarely attempt the virtue of married women, nor do these put themselves in the way of solicitations: yet, the Indian women, in general, are of an amorous disposition; and, before they are married, are not the less esteemed for the indulgence of their passions.

"The Indians, in their common state, are strangers to all distinction of property, except in the articles of domestic use, which every one considers as his own, and increases as circumstances admit. They are extremely liberal to each other, and supply the deficiency of their friends with any superfluity of their own.

"In dangers they readily give assistance to those of their band who stand in need of it, without any expectation of return, except those just rewards that are always conferred by the Indians on merit. Governed by the plain and equitable laws of nature, every one is rewarded according to his deserts; and their equality of condition, manners, and privileges, with that constant and sociable familiarity which prevails throughout every Indian nation, animates them with a pure and patriotic spirit, that tends to the general good of the society to which they belong.

"If any of their neighbours are bereaved, by death or by an enemy, of their children, those who are possessed of the greatest number of prisoners, who are made slaves, supply the deficiency: and these are adopted by them, and treated in every respect as if they really were the children of the person to whom they are presented."

We cannot conclude without strongly expressing the degree of satisfaction and instruction which we have received from the perusal of the present volume.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Rhapsody.

As thro' the grove I took my careless way,
Along the skies a sullen meteor pass'd;
The infant moon withheld her silver ray,
The stars grew faint and sadly roar'd the blast:
Yet, ere I gain'd the borders of the wood,
With pleasant sounds the hollow caverns rung;
Commingling measures died upon the flood,
And thus some spirit exquisitely sung:—

" Her blessed lips in silence clos'd,
No more shall glow with numbers sweet;
Upon this bank she oft repos'd,
Or roam'd at eve yon green retreat;
There oft I saw her musing wild,
Immortal Fancy's blooming child:
'Twas there her coral harp she strung,
And to its tones sublimely sung:
There have I seen her wrapp'd in thought,
Fast in the arms of Genius caught;
Or, wand'ring down beside the stream,
At midnight watch the meteors gleam!

" But, ah! no more shall I behold
Her eyes serene with pity flowing;
Nor hear her magic lyre unfold
Its music nervous-wild and glowing.

" On yonder mountain's hoary height,
That mocks the circumambient sky,
Amid the shadowy forms of night,
She watch'd the rolling orbs on high:
Hence much I ween she lov'd to shroud
Remote from Mammon's selfish crowd;
And with her harp's seraphic sound,
To wake the slumbering worlds around!

" One night I view'd her when the clouds
Ingulph'd the moon's unwarming ray,
Rock'd on a vessel's swelling shrouds,
Of whirlwinds and of waves the prey!

" But, ah! no more shall I behold
Her eyes serene with pity flowing,
Nor hear her magic lyre unfold
Its music nervous-wild and glowing!"

Charm'd with the strain the spirit sung,
Nature resign'd her sullen gloom,
The lamps of heav'n sublimely flung
Their beamings where the cowslips sprung,
Urania bright
Burst on my sight,
And pointed to her fav'rite's tomb!

It stood beside as pure a stream
As Genius ever lov'd to view;
As ever nurs'd a poet's dream,
Or rapt imagination drew:
The modest stone this line supplies,
" Here, stranger! Anna Seward lies!"

Grafton-street, Aug. 1809. J. G.

Extempore on the INVASION *of* WALCHEREN. *By* CLIO RICKMAN.

FIRE the guns,—illume the streets,
Ring the bells,—the bonfires raise;
Sing of Chatham's glorious feats,
Roar around the land his praise.
Immense the train he took to sea,
Wond'rous heroes, wond'rous men!
Immortal must these armies be,
They have taken Walcheren!

Let the tales of other times
Never more be sung or said;
Higher subjects meet our rhimes,
Than e'er knew the mighty dead.

Flushing, town of *gin* and *slush*,
Far renown'd for *fog* and *fen*,
The conq'ring hosts of England crush,
And take—O wond'rous! Walcheren!

Bonaparte's rush light see,
Castlereagh will sure blow out;
And the land of Zuyder Zee,
He'll be taking by the snout.
Ministers beyond all praise,
Senders forth of valiant men,
Who their monuments shall raise,
Conquerors of Walcheren!

Every good to Britain now
Must extend from side to side,
And surrounding nations vow,
She's of the universe the pride.
Immortal Chatham! great's the deed,
Greater never told the pen,
For every blessing must succeed
Now thou hast taken Walcheren!

Sleep not now the deed is done,
Invaders bold of *bogs* and *sand*;
With open eyes each mother's son,
Guard the captur'd, valued land.
So of *mud*, and *Sluys*, and *Scheld*,
You'll be call'd the conquering men;
And to future times upheld,
Your wond'rous works at Walcheren!

Downs, August 1809.

STANZAS *from the German of* FRIEDRICH WILHELM GOTTER.

I ONCE was free from Cupid's might,
Nor could the cheeks and sparkling eyes
Of Daphnis take me by surprise,
Ah! then thro' each revolving night,
I own'd a tranquil soul!

But Daphnis, with *fictitious scorn*,
Said, " Follow not my devious feet
Along the garden's dark retreat!"
I follow'd;—and the light of morn
Illumin'd all my soul!

As late she 'neath the roses lay,
I ventur'd to disturb her reign;
I kiss'd her lips, she kiss'd again!
Ah! then it was meridian day
In my enchanted soul!

Grafton Street, 1809. J. G.

LOVE LETTERS *to my* WIFE. *By* JAMES WOODHOUSE.

LETTER X.

[*Continued from p.* 226.]

SHOULD then Apollo's uninvited ray
Thro' refectory pour the vulgar day,
Fashion forbids his loath'd obtrusive light,
While vanity creates a novel night;
That no such common, clownish, stupid stare,
Should interrupt the rites performing there.

Wealth, pomp, and pride, his friendly offerings flout,
And pertly shut his proffer'd bounties out;
While, that he may not peep within the place,
They push the shutters in his gawkey face;
And lest his eye thro' crack or cranny blink,
Each curtain's dropp'd to close up every chink.
Tho' long he waits, and still presents his claim, [shame,
They seem to think it neither sin nor
But let him wander o'er the hills and plains,
As only fit to visit nymphs and swains,
Who seldom deem he's too much fire or phlegm,
Or starts or stops, too soon or late, for them.
At such ingratitude, such gross disgrace,
With blushing features and full-bloated face,
Down to the goal, chagrin'd, his race he runs, [suns,
While numerous waxen lights, like mimic
Shed brilliant lustre o'er the radiant room,
Not giving scentless glare, but pour perfume; [plate,
Redoubled bright from heaps of polish'd
On tables pil'd as proofs of mighty state!
Tureens and covers, waiters, plates, and jars,
And myriads more, like planetary stars;
While girandoles and lustres, glittering gleams, [beams,
Scatter around ten thousand sparkling
And moony mirrors arrogantly gaze,
Reflecting fondly all their borrow'd blaze.
Must not so glorious and so gay a sight
Yield ostentation high and dear delight,
While seated on her self-sufficient throne,
And not expos'd superior pow'r to own?
While looking round on all the shew and shine,
Fancy must fond exclaim "the glory's mine,"
Or, mindless of Chaldean monarch's guilt,
"This is great Babylon that I have built!"
Meanwhile, the God, with anger crimson'd o'er,
Withdraws his radiance from our shameless shore,
And spreads it o'er the west on rustics rude,
Who hail his influence with fond gratitude,
Rejoicing, with his warmth and brilliance, blest,
Till he withholds his rays and sinks to rest.
Behold, my Hannah, here an emblem bright, [night!
How mortals hate the day and love the
Love their own fancied merits, and despise
Each boundless blessing, scatter'd from the skies!
Shut out the sacred Sun of Righteousness,
And boast self-lighted fires their souls will bless. [hoist,
Their own weak lamps and haughty lustres
With creature-worship, still excluding Christ!
Tho' all their image-matter, light or dark,
Their body's beauty, spirit's kindled spark—
Each burnish'd substance and superfluous flame,
That glare and glitter to their owner's shame,
Are all deriv'd from Him—by Him bestow'd,
To comfort man in this abridg'd abode;
To strengthen soul and body, not destroy,
In seeking mere imaginary joy;
Nor to be spent in waste or sportive whim,
But helping Penury's wants, while honouring Him!
Thy friend, heav'n's votary! ridicul'd and poor!
Oft saw the sunshine begging at her door.
Beheld, chagrin'd, the poet's God disgrac'd,
And all his wond'rous bounty burnt in waste—
While with a pitying yet prophetic look,
Tho' scouted both by custom and the cook,
Foresaw his other sons would soon be sought,
And all their skill and care be dearly bought!
With glittering garniture the table grac'd,
And round the board the chairs in order plac'd—
"All ready," then announc'd, a dazzling throng,
In solemn silence slowly swims along—
Not to perform religious rite before,
On such occasions now observ'd no more!
But pick respective seats and seize their plates,
Eager to gormandize the smoking cates—
To cut and slice, to mangle and devour,
And prosecute fierce carnage near an hour;
Till sated appetites no longer call—
But still forget the God that gave them all!
They think the process long, and tedious too,
Till each temptation stands in open view;
Looking like eager, hungry, longing lovers,
Till slaves unliveried each rich cate uncovers,
Which rapidly appear to eager sight,
Exciting keener every appetite,
By multifarious hues, and scents, and shapes,
And scarce an individual dish escapes.
These, like Pandora's teeming box, disclose
In friend's seducing forms the sorest foes;
Yet while the worst effects these votaries find,
Still fascinating Hope appears behind:
Just like the flattering guests their looks beguile,
In future, stab; at present, soothe, and smile—
A moment gratify deluded lust,
But oft for years give griefs and deep disgust!

[*To be continued.*]

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE fifth of October was fixed upon for celebrating the event of finishing a spacious and well-adapted building for the reception of the numerous claimants on the society's bounty, and for returning thanks to the Almighty, and by inviting the subscribers and friends to dine together on the occasion.

Previous to the dinner, a discourse, adapted to the event, was delivered in the parish church of St Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, (in which parish the institution began in 1792) by the Rev. S. Crowther, Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street, when a handsome collection was made. In the afternoon, upwards of 300 gentlemen dined at the City of London tavern, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the chair.—After the cloth was removed, *Non Nobis Domine* was sung: the King, Queen and Family were afterwards toasted, and the Lord Mayor gave "Success to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb."

Nearly seventy children, male and female, now pupils in the new Asylum, were afterwards introduced and conducted round the room, shewing specimens of their progress in writing, arithmetic, and knowledge of language, written and articulate. Some of them also stood upon the table and pronounced, to the best of their ability, the following lines:—

Ill can a tongue, so lately mute,
Express the joy we feel;
Yet, bless'd with utterance, though slow,
We can't our joy conceal!

The Deaf and Dumb afar and near
Would hail this happy day,
If we to their desponding hearts
The tidings could convey—

That, now, a new Asylum's rais'd,
Where all may find relief—
'Twould stem the stream of many tears,
Ease many a parent's grief!

Then how could we our lips refrain
From uttering thanks to you,
Whose bounty has bestow'd the boon?
Unbounded thanks are due?

But here we're taught to look above
And own "the great First Cause;"
From whom man holds his life and breath,
And every comfort draws!

A sum between six and seven hundred pounds, it is understood, was collected on the occasion. That its royal patron, his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, was not present at this meeting, was mentioned as the only subject of regret.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN SCOTLAND.

SINCE the recent close of the second exhibition, it has transpired that, during the short period of six weeks, while the rooms were open to the public, nearly 500 guineas were collected. It is now in agitation, among the society, to build apartments for the express purpose of exhibiting their works in future. An institution of this kind, in this part of Great Britain, will afford a powerful stimulus to young artists to exert themselves to the utmost in obtaining a knowledge of their art, by shewing that merit and distinction will be constantly united, and that the most obscure individual will have an equal chance of public notice with the most celebrated. This, in times past, had been too little the case in Scotland, and many a young artist of promising talents has had his efforts cramped, and "the genial current of his soul" frozen, by the langour and despondency which arose from disappointed prospects, and ineffectual exertions. That this new exhibition, if properly conducted, may remedy this evil is obvious; and we hope, before another year is ended, its good effects will appear from the vigour and spirit with which the artists will prosecute their studies.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF HOLLAND.

Improvement of Nurseries and Fruit-Gardens.

M. VAN MONS, a member of this body, has undertaken, under the patronage of this Institute and that of France, to complete the publication of a "Theoretical and Practical System of Fruticulture, or Instructions for the work of the Nursery and Fruit-Garden in the Order

of the Months." The extensive correspondence of the author, having made him acquainted with all the most recent improvements in this branch of science, by a great number of persons distinguished for their education and talents, who had withdrawn themselves from the fatigues of war, or the toils of politics, or who, grieving at public or private calamities, had retired to forget their sorrows in the quiet enjoyment of their gardens, he conceived he should be rendering a service to many, by making these discoveries more generally known. The work, which commenced in January last, will finish with December next. It is conducted on the convenient principles of a gardener's calendar, and will include every thing relating to the culture of fruit. It will give in detail, among many other particulars, the whole management of fruit-trees in the nursery and in the garden — *not from books*, but from the author's own experience, and the communications of his friends.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. NICHOLAS CARLISLE has made such progress in his Topographical Researches in Ireland, that his Description of that part of the United Kingdom will be ready for the press about Christmas.

Mr. Cromek (the proprietor of the cabinet picture representing The Canterbury Pilgrimage) will shortly publish a whole length historical portrait of Mr. Walter Scott, from the admired picture, painted by Raeburn for Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, which appeared at the last exhibition of Scottish paintings. The print will be 20 inches by 14.

Onesimus is preparing for publication the second volume of The Pulpit, or a Biographical and Literary Account of Eminent Popular Preachers, interspersed with occasional Clerical Criticism.

An Account of the Ferroe Islands, translated from the Danish, will shortly be published in one volume 8vo.

Miss Stockdale is preparing for the press a considerable number of Poems, to be published as early as possible in the ensuing year.

The Letters of the late Miss Anna Seward are announced as in the press. They will be published in five vols. post octavo, with portraits and other plates.

The Rev. James Parsons has undertaken to publish the remaining Collations of the Septuagint, prepared by Dr. Holmes.

The fourth part of Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effects of Evangelical preaching, by a Barrister, will be published in February.

A gentleman of Bristol is printing a Selection of Poems, from the Hesperides of Robert Herrick, in one volume, with an engraving of the poet.

A Selection from the Works of George Wither is also printing at Bristol, to consist of pieces from his Juvenilia; his first and second Remembrances; the Hymns and Songs of the Church; and a manuscript copy of his version of the Psalms, supposed to have never been printed, though he had a patent granted for them from King James.

Tales of Other Countries, is in the press. These tales are founded on circumstances relating to the author, in his travels through some of the continental states.

A History of the County of Cardigan, by Mr. Merrick, is in considerable forwardness.

Dr. Carpenter's Reply to Mr. Veysie's Preservative against Unitarianism, entitled "Unitarianism the Doctrine of the Gospel," is in the press. These letters contain an examination of all the passages of the New Testament which are generally thought to oppose the Unitarian Opinion respecting the Person of Christ; and the chief of those respecting the ends of his death.

The Rev. T. Stone, late Rector of Cold Norton, whose Visitation Sermon has attracted so much notice, has

in the press "Memoirs of his Life," which will speedily be published.

Mr. Bradley, of Wallingford, has prepared, under the sanction of Dr. Valpy and other distinguished preceptors, a Series of Grammatical Questions, adapted to Lindley Murray's Grammar, with copious Notes and illustrations. The idea was suggested by Morgan's very useful book, the Grammaticæ Questiones.

Dr. Mavor is about to produce a Series of Catechisms on popular Subjects.—The Mother's Catechism; a Catechism of Health, and another of general Knowledge, will be followed in succession by others on English History, Universal History, Geography, Animated Nature, Botany, the Laws and Constitution of England, the Bible, &c. They are intended to sell separately, or to form, when collected, two very neat pocket volumes.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

It may not be improper to inform the curious in seeds, roots, &c. that all seeds and roots of foreign plants, and other objects of natural history, may be imported, if regularly entered and landed at the custom-house, and the duties paid upon them; no prohibition, by law, existing on the above articles.

The valuable application of the long white moss of the marshes, to the packing of young trees for exportation, by Mr. Wm. Curtis, of the Botanic Garden, Brompton, is done by squeezing out part of the moisture from the moss, and laying courses of it about three inches thick, interposed with other courses of the trees (shortened in their branches and roots), stratum above stratum, till the box is filled, when the whole must be trodden down, and the lid properly secured. The trees will want no further care during a voyage of six, seven, or twelve months, as the moss is wonderfully retentive of moisture, whilst its antiseptic quality prevents fermentation or putrefaction. In fact, vegetation proceeds even in this confined state, and blanched and tender shoots are formed, which must be gradually inured to the external light and air. This white moss is very common in most parts of Europe and America, which renders the application more easy, and the discovery more important.

A fossil palm tree has recently been found above the strata of plaster at Bagnolet, near Paris. It was deposited in the earthy strata, about twelve or fifteen feet above the first stratum of plaster. A tree of the same species was discovered a few years since at Montmartre, in a similar situation.

The following is a new method of preserving grapes.—Take a cask, or barrel, inaccessible to the external air, and put it into a layer of bran dried in an oven, or of ashes well dried or sifted. Upon this place a layer of bunches of grapes well cleaned, and gathered in the afternoon of a dry day, before they are perfectly ripe. Proceed thus with alternate layers of bran and grapes, till the barrel is full, taking care that the grapes do not touch each other, and to let the last layer be of bran; then close the barrel, so that the air may not be able to penetrate, which is an essential point. Grapes, thus packed, will keep nine or even twelve months. To restore them to their freshness, cut the end of the stalk of each bunch and put that of white grapes into white wine, and that of black grapes into red wine, as you would put flowers into the water to revive or keep them fresh.

In America, the acetate or sugar of lead has lately been found particularly efficacious in several diseases, particularly in profuse hæmorrhage, and in cases of salivation. The author of the discovery is also of opinion that it is worthy of trial in dysentery, at least after evacuants have been used.

France.

M. Cuvier has published a brief description of a bird produced by a swan and a goose. She laid nine eggs and began to hatch them, but only one living bird was obtained. On quitting the shell, the young one differed very little from a gosling: it was covered with a yellowish down, with a dark olive tint on the back, neck, and head. Excepting the point, the upper mandible of the bill was white, and the lower one orange-coloured. The feet were also of the latter colour, and beyond all proportion large; the circle

of the iris was brown, and the eye-lids yellow. It has since grown much larger than the mother, and continues to bear a greater resemblance to her than the swan.

M. Fournier has invented an apparatus for determining, with precision, the quantity of spirit contained in any liquid, which he calls an alcohometer. It is composed of a glass tube, six or seven inches long, and placed vertically upon a cap of copper, having a graduated bar of the same metal attached to its centre. At the place where the bar enters the tube, adjusted to its base, there is a screw, by which it is hermetically sealed, which prevents the liquor which is to be analized from spilling. At the foot of the apparatus is a lamp with spirit of wine, placed under the copper cap, directly beneath the bar, to heat it quickly. On one of the legs is a moveable ferrule with a damper to moderate the heat of the flame at pleasure, and thus also prevent the liquor in the tube from running over.

M. Parmentier has made public a new method of preparing the extract of opium, far superior to any other hitherto known. It takes from the substance the smell by which it is distinguished, and which is always in proportion to its malignant qualities. The manner of preparing 24 ounces of opium is as follows:—Macerate in rain water for five days; then boil for a quarter of an hour with two pounds of pulverised charcoal; strain and clarify with white of egg, and by a suitable evaporation you will obtain twelve ounces of extract.

Potatoes converted into Truffles.—M. Favier, having remarked that black truffles are principally met with near oak and chesnut trees, besides observing this species in soils that were formed almost entirely of the fragments of these astringent vegetables, was induced to try the experiment of planting potatoes in trenches prepared with tan and earth, disposed in alternate strata of about two inches each. These potatoes, when dug up, were black, and tasted very much like truffles. He imagines that, in this manner, the quality of these roots might in two or three years be so far changed as to give them the exact taste and appearance of truffles.

Mr. Denon, the well-known writer of "Travels through Egypt," has lately been entrusted by Bonaparte with a considerable sum of money, to be equally divided among the authors of twelve paintings of large dimensions on the following given subjects:—1st, Bonaparte addressing the Bavarians before the battle of Abensberg; 2d, The attack of the bridge at Ratisbon; 3d, The capture of Ratisbon; 4th, The attack of the bridge at Landshut; 5th, The bombardment of Vienna; 6th, The attack of the bridge at Ebersburg; 7th, The battle of Wagram; 8th, The French Emperor's bivouac on the field of Wagram during the night of the 5th and 6th of July; 9th, A view of the Island Napoleon (Inder Lobau) at the time when his Imperial Majesty re-entered it after the battle of Essling; 10th, A second view of the same island, when Napoleon embraces Marshal Lasnes mortally wounded in that battle; 11th, A view of Ebersdorf, and the bridges over the Danube; 12th, A view of the gardens of the Palace of Schoenbrunn. A small number of marble busts, and, among others, one of Marshal Lasnes will also be executed by skilful French sculptors.

In the Champs Elysées, near the ancient chapel of St. Bardulph, several fragments of large earthen urns have been lately found, with some smaller, and two beautiful lachrymatories; a fine sepulchral lamp of earth in good preservation, upon which is a winged genius; a priapus of bronze with a ring, to which it was suspended; a small bracelet for a child, in bronze, to which is fastened a medal of the colony of Nismes, the impression much effaced; twelve glass beads upon wire; two of red glass joined together, &c. &c. with a small drum, a larger bracelet, and a bead of Medusa of blue glass, thick, and in relievo.

Germany.

M. Bozzini has announced in several journals, the invention of a machine intended to throw light into the interior of the animal body. It is composed of a recipient containing the light; of tubes which direct its rays to the cavities which it is wished to enlighten; and of reflecting tubes which transmit the luminous rays to the eye of the observer.

M. Hiernke has invented a new kind of bellows, in which the current of air may be increased or diminished at pleasure, without interrupting its action.

Baron Grimm, the Nestor of Diplomatists who lately died at Warsaw, is said to have had among his voluminous correspondence several letters in the hand-writing of the Empress Catherine II. A secretary of the Russian embassy was extremely anxious to get this correspondence into his possession; but the whole of the late Baron's papers have been sent to Petersburgh.

The Archduke Palatine has published the plan of the intended National Museum of Hungary. It will be composed of a library, a cabinet of medals, of antiquities and curiosities, a collection of ancient armour, a cabinet of natural history, and a pantheon, containing busts and portraits of the most celebrated Hungarians; and, lastly, a place destined for the exhibition of the productions of national industry. Pest is the place intended for this establishment.

A German author has lately published a work, in which he states a very curious fact.—"A person," says he, "having an artificial magnet suspended from the wall of his study, with a piece of iron adhering to it, remarked, for several years, that the flies in the room, though they frequently placed themselves on other iron articles, never settled on the artificial magnet; and even that if any of these insects approached it, they in a moment again removed from it to some distance."—"It is worth the trouble," says Professor Voigt, who repeats the same circumstance in his Journal, "to make farther observations on this phenomenon; and, were it confirmed, magnetised iron might be employed to preserve it from being dirted by flies. Perhaps it might be employed also for other purposes."

Holland.

M. Van Braam has published the second volume of the Voyage of the Dutch Embassy to China, in 1794, &c. It contains a description of several parts of that empire, hitherto unknown to Europeans.

A new translation of the Bible from the Hebrew into the Low Dutch, has lately been authorised by a royal decree published at Amsterdam, to supersede all others hitherto used in schools, &c. It is thought some of the learned Hebrews who distinguished themselves in the New Sanhedrin, which assembled at Paris by order of the French Emperor, in May 1807, will be employed upon this work.

Dr. Van Marum has discovered a very simple method, proved by repeated experiments, of preserving the air pure in large halls, theatres, hospitals, &c.—The apparatus for this purpose is nothing but a common lamp, made according to Argand's construction, suspended from the roof of the hall, and kept burning under a funnel, the tube of which rises above the roof without, and is furnished with a ventilator. For his first experiment he filled his large laboratory with the smoke of oak shavings. In a few minutes after he lighted his lamp the whole smoke disappeared, and the air was perfectly purified.

Italy.

The celebrated Canova, who is to receive 100,000 crowns for a colossal statue of the Emperor Napoleon in bronze, has engaged the assistance of the German artists at Vienna who cast the statue of Joseph II, under the direction of the celebrated Professor Zauner.

The celebrated *Last Supper* of Leonardi Da Vinci, at Milan, has been so much damaged by damp and other circumstances, that as it cannot subsist much longer, Bossi is taking a copy of it, from which it is afterwards to be executed in Mosaic.

It has now transpired that on the 22d of August, 1808, when M. M. Andreoli and Brioschi ascended in a balloon at Padua, about the height of three miles and a half, the mercury having fallen to 15 inches, M. Brioschi began to feel an extraordinary palpitation of the heart, without any painful sensation in breathing. When the mercury was down to 12, four miles and a half, he was overpowered with a pleasing sleep, which soon became a real lethargy. When nearly six miles high, M. Andreoli was

swollen all over and could not move his left hand. When the mercury had fallen to 8.5. (about six miles and a quarter) the balloon burst with a loud explosion, and began to descend rapidly with such a noise as awakened M. Brioschi. It fell about twelve miles from Padua, without any injury to the aëronauts.

The subterraneous passage by which the Roman Emperors went privately from the palace of the Cæsars on Mount Celius at Rome, to the Flavian Amphitheatre has lately been discovered, besides a number of architectural fragments, capitals, cornices, and vases, the remains of its splendid decorations. Some fine torsos have also been found, and a head of Mercury, which appears to have belonged to the statue in the garden of the Pope, and now in the Chiaramonti Museum. Several pipes and gutters for carrying off water were also discovered, and twenty rooms of very small dimensions, lighted only from the top.—These are presumed to have been the *fornices*, frequently alluded to by Martial, Seneca, and Juvenal.

Sweden.

M. Aurivilius has published a complete account of the Greek and Latin manuscripts in the library of Upsal. Out of 16 Greek manuscripts, nine are copies of the New Testament and of the Alexandrian translation of the Old. The ten first books of Livy and a complete Horace are among the Latin M. S. Among the Catalogues of Books, &c. given to the library are those by the High Chancellor, Lagardie; that of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish M.S. given in 1705 by J. G. Sparrenfeld; and, lastly, that of ninety-three Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic M.S. sent to the library by J.J. Bisernstael, 1785.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

The Marquis D'Argens.

THE late revolutions upon the continent, having in a great measure stripped off the little remaining dignity of the *old race* of Kings, and exposed their secrets and the lives of their favourites, the French Biographers in particular, are unusually interesting. From this source we have here before us some of the strange practices of the philosophers of *Sans Souci*; still with that vanity which it has been said is peculiar to a Frenchman, the late Marquis D'Argens wrote the Memoirs of his own Life, which contain very pointed facts, and an easy narrative. But though he enters on his subject without acquainting us with the place of his birth, or the condition of his parents, information collected since, supplies that deficiency. He was born at Aix in Provence, in 1704. His father M. Boyer, Marquis D'Argens, was Procureur General of the Parliament of that city; and young D'Argens preferring the profession of arms when he was scarcely fifteen, served first in the marines, and then in the regiment of Richelieu, after having been received as a Knight of Malta. About this time his connections with the lady he calls the handsome Sylvia commenced.

The petulance and impetuosity of his youth were subjects of much discontent and unhappiness to his father, who, in the end disinherited him; but Mons. D'Eugilles, his younger brother, President of the Parliament of Aix, annulled the deed of inheritance, by making an equal division of the property, and by adopting a natural daughter of the Marquis, and restoring her to the name and rights she derived from her father. At first he would by no means consent to this arrangement, fearful of doing what might displease the family; but the reasons and the principles of justice which the Magistrate advanced soon found their way to his heart, and Mademoiselle Mina became Marchioness D'Argens.

On his return from a journey to Spain, where he left his mistress Sylvia, he became reconciled to his family; but he soon left France, and departed for Constantinople along with Mons. D'Andreselle, ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, of whom he speaks in his memoirs. A judgment may be formed of his character and of his extravagant conduct in that

city, by the following anecdote, which M. Thieubault furnishes in his Recollections, and which might have been wrought up to advantage in a theatric representation.

On his arrrival at the Capital of the Turkish Empire, he conceived the design of witnessing the ceremonies used in the mosques. Nothing could dissuade him from undertaking this dangerous enterprize, in which, if he had been discovered or betrayed, he would only have escaped the scaffold or the bow-string, by assuming the turban, or, in other words, becoming mussulman: he applied to the Turk who kept the keys of the mosque of Santa Sophia, and by dint of bribery succeeded in gaining him to his purpose. It was agreed between them at the next great day of public worship, the infidel should introduce the Christian in great secrecy by night, and that he should conceal him behind a painting which was placed, a long time back, at the bottom of a tribune, which was in front of the gate. The Marquis would be the safer in this place as it was seldom opened; and, besides, it was situated at the west end of the mosque, and the Mahometans always in their prayers face to Mecca, which lies east of Constantinople, and never turn their heads without giving cause for scandal; a point on which they are so scrupulous, that they never turn when they quit the mosques, but always go backward to the gate.

The Marquis D'Argens, seated at his ease, beheld the whole of the ceremonies of the Turkish religion; yet he gave frequent cause of alarm to his guide—almost every minute he quitted his hiding place, and advanced to the middle of the tribune, in order that he might have a better view of what was passing in the mosque. Then the poor Turk, who knew he ran no less a risk than that of being impaled alive, intreated him, by the most expressive signs and gestures, to retire quickly behind his picture. The terror of the man was a subject of the highest amusement to the Knight of Malta, who played the more upon his fears.

But they were a hundred-fold, if possible, increased, when he took a flask of wine and a piece of ham from his pocket, and offered him share of both. The disciple of Mahomet was in absolute despair; but what could he do?—he must bear all in order to conceal his guilt, and save himself from punishment. The Marquis threatened him; and the Turk was compelled to drink of the wine, and eat of the ham, and thus profane himself, his religion, and the mosque. The miserable man was for some instants like one petrified: he thought he beheld the avenging arm of the prophet raised above his head; by degrees, however, he became more calm: he even began to be familiar with his guilt: and when the devotees had all left the mosque, and he saw himself alone with the Christian dog, they finished their breakfast with a good grace, laughed at the danger they had run, and parted most excellent friends.

The Marquis D'Argens, in his Memoirs, exposes with great candour the adventures of his journey, and the motive which induced him to return to France. His father anxiously wished him to study the law; but the ardent character of the young man could not be persuaded by his sage advice. He again re-entered the service, and in 1733 he was appointed to the cavalry: he was at the siege of Bebl, where he was slightly wounded: in 1734, after the siege of Philipsbourg, he got a fall from his horse, which so disabled him, that he was never able to mount afterwards, and he was obliged in consequence to renounce the service.

It appears, that it was at the time of his refusal to embrace the profession his father wished him, when he returned from Constantinople, that his father disinherited him, not being able, owing to the smallness of his fortune, to sustain with credit the expensive life his son led.

He was compelled, when he retired from the service, to go to Holland to seek resources from his pen. The liberty of the press, which then existed in that country, allowed him to make choice of any subject his fancy suggested. He published successively, the "Jewish, Chinese, and Cabalistic Letters." They were admired, and brought him some money; most of them turning on subjects of morality, politics, manners, religious customs

and ceremonies, and the events of nations. The lively manner in which they were written, the boldness of some of the ideas, and the singularity of the style, caused them to be much read, and generally approved.

Immediately after the death of old Frederick the Second, he repaired to Berlin.—Matters were then so much changed that the new Monarch wrote thus to the young Marquis, whose "Jewish Letters" he so highly esteemed. "No longer, my dear Marquis, be afraid of the battalions of guards—come, and brave them even on the parade at Potzdam."

When he received this letter, he was at Stutgard, in the service of the Duchess Dowager of Wirtemberg: she had a wish to visit Berlin, and see Frederick. The opportunity being favourable, they set out together.

The King received him in the most flattering manner; he invited him to dinner every day; their conversation was lively and agreeable; nothing in appearance was more flattering, or more likely to satisfy the wishes, and flatter the ambition, of a philosopher: but weeks rolled on, and no mention was made of fulfilling the promises which had led the new guest from a situation less brilliant, but sufficient for his wants.

The Marquis having vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of this neglect, and having waited six weeks, lost all patience; and, on returning home one day immediately after dinner, he sent a note to the King, couched in the following terms:—

"Sire! For six weeks that I have had the honour to be near your Majesty, my purse has suffered so rigorous a blockade, that if you gain so many battles, take so many fortresses, and do not speedily come to its assistance, I shall be obliged to capitulate, and re-cross the Rhine within a week."—The King had his friend Jordan with him when the note was brought to him—"See here," said he, "what that fool D'Argens has written; he wishes to leave us."—Jordan esteemed the Marquis, and for that reason said to his master, after having read the note—"I know the Provençals, and their impatience; but I particularly know the Marquis, while uneasiness torments him, and his mind is at a stand, he will never rest, and after having threatened to take his departure within eight days, he will be off in two or three days at the farthest." The King was alarmed lest Jordan should have prophesied too truly, and he returned these few words in answer to his note.—"Be satisfied, my dear Marquis, your fate shall be decided to-morrow by dinner-time:" and, in fact, the next morning, the Marquis, on his arrival at the palace, received the key of office as chamberlain, with a salary of six thousand francs, and was also appointed director of the class of belles-lettres of the Royal Academy, which gave him an additional annual increase of eight hundred francs.

This generosity on the part of Frederick soon changed the resolution of the Marquis. He settled at Berlin: he cultivated literature and the friendship of the Great Prince, who so well knew how to reward those who made it their occupation. He was constantly one of the King's social and private parties.

At first, Algarotti, Voltaire, and Maupertius, were the principal favourites of Frederick.

It was chiefly at the supper parties of Frederick, that he assembled these literary characters, and where those scenes of gaiety and wit passed, which, for near thirty years were the objects of the attention, and sometimes the satire, of the rest of Europe. They bore no resemblance to the orgies of the Regent of France. There was more real wit, a varied conversation, and obscenity and impiety were particularly banished; but the freedom of discourse was sometimes carried too far, as at the suppers of the Duke of Orleans, so much so as to become displeasing to the master.

In one of these supper parties, (said M. Thieubault,) which even till the Seven Years' War were often prolonged to a very late hour, Frederick asked each of his companions, How he would govern if he were a King? There was a lively argument between them, in order for each to establish their different maxims. The Marquis, however, listened, and said nothing: the King at last observed his silence, and asked him, What would he do were he in his place? "Sire,"

answered the Marquis, "I would immediately sell my kingdom, and purchase a good estate in France." This pleasantry, by means of which he escaped the ridicule of advancing and supporting any misplaced doctrine, obtained the King's approbation, and put an end to the discussion. It was after some disputes of a similar nature, that Frederick, in a moment of spleen or ill nature, wrote, that if he wanted to punish a province, he would send philosophers to govern it.

During the Seven Years' War, that is, from 1756 to 1763, when Frederick beheld his dominions invaded, and taken from him, by the Russians, the Austrians, and the French, and that no hopes of safety remained, it was to the Marquis D'Argens that he imparted the design he had formed of putting an end to his existence.

It was on this occasion that he addressed a long epistle in verse to the Marquis D'Argens on this subject, the misfortunes of his life, and the principles of stoicism: however trifling this resolution may appear, and however singular the manner which Frederick made use of, to disclose it to one of his courtiers, it results however from it, that the Marquis D'Argens held a most distinguished place in the esteem of the Prince, since it was to him that he addressed himself in the agony of his soul.

The happy events which so quickly succeeded, drew Frederick out of his embarrassment, and the necessity of putting his resolution into practice, by compelling his enemies to enter into conditions of peace, which secured to him his dominions.

The Marquis at length marrying Madamoiselle Cochois, an Opera dancer, with whom he had cohabited before, it gave the King great offence.

Madamoiselle Cochois had made a present to the Marquis of a very fine morning loose dressing-gown or wrapper—this was before their marriage. Delighted with this present, he put it on immediately, and found it so much to his taste, that he did not put it off the whole evening. The King, however, sent to let him know he expected him to supper. The same answer was returend, that he was ill.

The Monarch, in order to disturb the felicity of the Marquis's little party, took it into his head to send him word, that having heard of his ill state of health, fearful of the fatal consequences of so dangerous a disorder as that with which he was attacked, and anxious he should die like a good Christian, he had commanded two catholick priests to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to him, and that they would visit him that very evening to fulfil this pious duty. —The Marquis knew not what to think of this intimation. He well knew the King was capable of giving similar orders to the catholick priests, but he doubted much whether he would dare to be guilty of such a scandal within the walls of his own palace. The most essential thing for him was, to make it appear as if he were really ill. He, therefore, wrapped up his head, and counterfeited the appearance of a man quite unwell.

The King covered himself with a surplice and a stole, put two or three persons who were in his confidence, into black cloaks, and the whole party descended in a solemn procession, as if they were bearing extreme unction to the Marquis, whose apartments were below the King's. The person who went first carried a small bell, which was heard in all the apartments, as soon as they got upon the staircase. No one had any doubt, but that it was the sacrament going to a person dangerously ill. La Pierre, the Marquis's servant, went to see the procession, and soon saw what it was. In order not to be found out, and consequently pass for a liar, the pretended sick man hastened to get into bed without undressing, or even taking off his fine dressing-gown with gold flowers. The procession immediately after entered the chamber in a slow and solemn manner, and ranged themselves in order before the bed. The King, who closed the procession, placed himself in the middle of the circle; and addressed the Marquis, telling him, that the church, always a tender mother, and full of anxiety for her children, had sent him that assistance the most proper to fortify him in the critical situation in which he was placed. He exhorted him strenuously to resign himself; and then raising the counterpane of the bed, he poured a whole flask of

sweet oil over the fine dressing-gown, telling his dying brother, that this emblem of grace would infallibly give him faith and courage, necessary to pass in a proper manner from this world to the next. After which the procession retired in the same grave and solemn manner as it entered.

At length the *profligate* giving place to the *penitent*, D'Argens passed much of his time in reading ancient books and authors, particularly the Holy Fathers, from which he made several extracts, which he applied to the subjects he treated of, either in his writings or conversation.

The King of course was fond of contradicting him on his taste for this species of erudition—he used frequently to say to him, "Don't talk to me of your Fathers: they are bodies without souls."—When he allotted him apartments in the new palace of Sans Souci, he himself conducted the Marquis and his Lady, and pointed out to them their agreeable situation and their convenience: he had given orders to have a handsome book-case, whereon folios handsomely bound appeared in large letters—"The Works of the Holy Fathers."—"Here Marquis," said the King, as they entered the room, "you will find here your good friends in all their glory." When they got to the bed-chamber—"It would be wrong," said he "to stay here long; we must not disturb the Marquis, but leave him to his ease and his night-cap"—so saying he withdrew.

The King had no sooner retired, than the Marquis in eager haste, flew to the bookcase to examine the works with which it was filled—he quickly opened one of the volumes of the "Holy Fathers:" But in place of the homilies of St. Chrysostom, he found nothing but blank paper; and the same was the case with all the rest.

One evening that he was at supper with Frederick, that Prince said to him—"Marquis I have made a purchase for you near this, of a very neat house and garden—here is the deed; you may take possession of it when you please." The Marquis was not insensible to this mark of favour; he returned home full of impatience, and anxiously wished the night were over, that he might go and take a view of this new acquisition. Next morning, notwithstanding his laziness, he rose very early, and was driven to his new mansion—he ran over the garden, examined the apartments, found every thing charming, and in the neatest taste; he went into the saloon, which was a very handsome room, and full of pictures; but what was his astonishment, when, on looking at them, instead of landscapes, battle, or sea-pieces, he beheld the most humorous scenes, and most comic anecdotes of his life.

Here, the Marquis, as an officer, found himself drawn at the siege of Philipsbourg, and expressing strong symptoms of fear—there he was on his knees to his handsome comedian—a little further, his father disinherited him—another painting represented him at Constantinople—in another, a surgeon was seen performing an operation, which his adventures of gallantry had rendered necessary—again, nuns were seen pulling him up by night in a basket through the window of their convent. In all these pictures the Marquis, who was easily recognized, was represented in the most ludicrous and comic attitudes.

This unexpected spectacle put him into the most violent rage—he examined them all, and then sent for a house-painter, and made him efface them.

The King informed of this scene, was highly delighted with it, and related it to every one who would have patience to hear it,

In spite, however, of the species of warfare which the Monarch carried on, and the sarcastic jokes he passed upon his lazy habits, and his imaginary illness, still he loved him not the less. He one day wished to give him a fresh proof by augmenting the pension he had settled on him; but D'Argens answered him in presence of several persons, "Sire, I have enough: your Majesty has many poor but deserving officers; let it be given to them."—The King, charmed with this honourable and disinterested reply, esteemed him the more, without however ceasing from time to time to joke with and play tricks on him.

But his own weakness and folly particularly in respect to fear of poison,

and his superstition rendered him an object of sport.

In 1768, he renewed his entreaties for permission to leave Berlin, and imagining that the King might not, perhaps, like him to take away the original letters which that Prince had written to him, he sent them to him, ranged in chronological order, and accompanied by the following letter:—

"Sire! I have kept till this moment a precious pledge of the confidence with which your Majesty honoured me. I give them into your hands, because I do not think it right to take them with me into a strange country. My continued ill health, and a complication of disorders, put it out of my power any longer to be useful to your Majesty; and I am convinced that, under a milder climate, my infirmities might be borne. I therefore entreat your Majesty to grant me my dismissal, assuring you, at the same time, that my heart shall be eternally devoted to you."

The Marquis obtained permission to pass six months in Provence, and set off in 1769, on the express condition of returning at the appointed time; at the same time he received the packet of original letters, which the King returned to him, assuring him that he possessed his entire confidence, and that consequently he neither could nor would keep the letters. The Marquis, however, would not take them with him, but left them in the charge of one of his most particular friends.

It appears, that the King was much displeased at his departure, and that he even refused to see the Marquis. In vain several persons endeavoured to persuade him, that the Marquis would return; he would not believe them. He was indignant that a man whom he had loaded with his benefits, should quit him for such trifling causes, and which in no way diminished the proofs of his attachment and esteem; but the Marquis had very good reasons to give on his side likewise—to pass the remainder of his days under a milder climate, and near a brother, to whom he was attached by strong ties of affection.

He had, however, other motives for discontent, which he was anxious that the King should know without loss of time. Scarcely had he arrived at Dijon, when he wrote him a very bold letter, such as no one who had ever any disagreement with Frederick would have ventured to address to him. In order to excuse himself for this freedom, he said, "It is not now to the King that I write, but to the Philosopher, and in the name of Philosophy"—a distinction which the Monarch himself had given the example of in their suppers at Sans-Souci, where they freely conversed in *the absence of the King*, although at the same table with him. And he concluded his keen, yet guarded, reproaches, with that inimitable fable of the "Town and Country Mouse."

Yet, notwithstanding this appearance of resentment, the Marquis D'Argens resolved to return to Frederick at the expiration of the stated period; but it cost him a severe struggle to determine on leaving Aix, to return to Berlin—it was to expose the remainder of his days to new scenes of vexation and disappointment, and shorten their duration. The agitated state of his mind, which this situation involved him in, produced the very effect he wished to have avoided, and he died without being able to fulfil his promise.

"In the midst of all these sufferings," says M. Thieubault, "he was detained at Bourg-en-Bresse by a long and very dangerous illness. The Marchioness, whose whole care was devoted to him, never once thought of writing to the King, although the time of his leave of absence had expired. Frederick suspected him of wishing to deceive him. He sent to the Marchioness's sister, and to all the Members of the Academy, with whom he was connected as the Director, to know if they had not heard from him; and as he was informed, that no person had received any news of him, and that several months had passed without a letter either from the husband or the wife, the King's doubts were soon changed to certainty. His anger and his indignation were extreme. He dispatched orders that very day to the different offices at which the salaries of the Marquis were paid, strictly injoining them to erase his name out of the public books, and

forbidding them to pay him any thing for the future.—Sulzer, who received this order at the Academy, thought it his duty to acquaint D'Argens, and in consequence of this determination, he privately gave a letter to a person who was going that way, and who promised to inquire for the Marquis, and give him the letter if he should chance to meet him; if not, to address it under cover to the President D'Eguilles. The traveller found him at Bourg-en-Bresse, in a state of convalescence and preparing to set off for Berlin. The letter produced an effect which might be expected. The old Courtier was more irritated than afflicted. He wrote another, which was never made public, but its contents may easily be guessed at, and immediately returned to his beloved retreat, from which he seldom went, except to make some few slight journies through parts of Provence. It was in one of these excursions that he died at Toulouse, of an indigestion, on the 11th of January, 1771.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

ON Saturday evening, Oct. 7, Mr. Cumberland's Comedy of *The West Indian*, was brought forward for the immediate purpose of introducing Mr. Wrench, to the notice of a London audience.

Mr. Wrench is well made, and of a genteel deportment. He was gay and agile, as he should be, in the personification of a volatile young gentleman like *Belcour*; and frequently exhibited instances of feeling and judgment, which lead us to hope that he may become a valuable appendage to a metropolitan theatre. Yet he, like most actors from the country, has something to unlearn; he was too apt to walk up to the lamps, and by declaiming with his face towards the audience, evidently seemed to make them a party in the scene. This procedure (though too common), we must take the freedom of saying, is highly absurd, and altogether destroys the required effect of the drama, which should be a course of action calculated either to delight or amend us, but in which we had no participation whatever, excepting what resulted from the agency of the senses, and even that agency should undergo a revision from the judgment, to make its operation morally healthful.

In *Belcour's* interviews with *Miss Dudley*, we did not think him sufficiently delicate or respectful; for it must not be supposed that a gentleman, even on occasions like those, can forget the tenderness that is uniformly due to the sex, and without which no success can be obtained, except among the lower and coarser classes of life. In the acting of Miss Boyce, who played the character of *Louisa Dudley*, Mr. Wrench could find nothing that was tinged with vulgarity or insensibility; and her address to him, on their reconciliation in the fifth act, embracing an expectation, that when, in future, he might pursue other objects of passion, not similarly protected to herself, was delivered with a pathos, that touched the heart.

Saturday, the 14th, presented at this Theatre two performers, for the first time, to a London audience, with the most prosperous *debut*, in the sprightly comedy of *The Soldier's Daughter*; viz. Mrs. Edwin, from the Theatre Royal Dublin, in the character of the *Widow Cheerly*; and Mr. Knight, from the theatre Royal York, in that of *Timothy Quaint*. Their entrance was hailed in the most encouraging manner, and the applause increased as they proceeded in the parts they so well sustained. Mrs. Edwin's person is agreeable, and her manner easy and engaging, as well as that her voice is clear and captivating. Her countenance, at once animated and expressive, is, nevertheless, so much under the direction of her judgment, that she gave a character and expression to one of the scenes in this play quite novel and delightful. We have scarcely ever witnessed a more successful and flattering essay by any performer. In the part where she says from the author, "This is my first visit to London," she was greeted with thundering plaudits and

bravos for minutes together; as also when she added, "I purpose to stay the winter." An occasional conclusion was given to the play, which had a most appropriate and happy effect.

Mr. Knight possesses great advantages as a performer in the cast of characters he has adopted. His features are distinct and prominent, giving great interest to his acting. His voice is clear, strong, and articulate; but he certainly pitched it too high for so small a theatre. In the character of *Robin Roughhead*, in *Fortune's Frolick*, which he performed to admiration, the key was more natural. To be brief, and not enter into the details of the excellence of the several parts of these and the other performers, it was, on the whole, a *gem* which deserved to be *set*, as it was by the fullness of the house, in a *cluster of diamonds*.

Mrs. Edwin has since performed *Violante* in Mrs. Centlivre's *Wonder*, and is generally allowed to be a most charming Actress.—*Beatrice*, it is thought, will be one of her next characters.

COVENT-GARDEN NEW THEATRE.

On Wednesday, Oct. 4, after this house had been shut up a week by the Managers, in order that John Bull might come to his own natural temper, it opened again with the *Beggar's Opera*, when the gathering storm again burst forth on the rising of the curtain, notwithstanding the public knew that Mr. Kemble had gotten the sanction of a committee of monied men, to make his gains appear very moderate. The rattles, whistles, and bugle horns commenced, and placards with "John Kemble, let your monopoly cease," "No private boxes for intriguing, &c. were exhibited as before. In fact, that populace that could not be brought to bow to "the honour of a Prince" have decidedly shewn that they hold that of a *Player*, lower still: for ceasing to threaten them with the decisions of the Attorney General, it was in vain that Mr. K. adopting the more civil epithets of "Ladies and Gentlemen" said also, "I throw myself upon the candour of the most liberal and enlightened metropolis in the world. I cannot afford to lose three-fourths per cent, by this concern."

The house afterwards adjourning till Friday, the 6th, the play of *John Bull*, though calculated to soothe the popular prejudices, was brought forward like another scene of the Bear Garden. The whole time seemed to be divided between hissing and hooting, rattling, howling, battling, and speechifying.—One orator very pointedly observed, with respect to the *private boxes*, that "The Society for the Suppression of Vice," ought to present them to the Parish of St. Paul Covent Garden, as a public nuisance.

But neither the subsequent introduction of Jews and Pugilists of the lowest description, for the purposes of beating and terrifying the audience, nor even the vast numbers of orders issued on the part of the managers, have yet been able to obtain for the performers, a patient hearing of any one piece brought on for nearly a fortnight past. On the contrary, placards have been exhibited, and every species of disapprobation shewn on the part of the audience who pay. We have no room, for a fourth of the wit and humour, produced on this occasion. The following, however, are among the most prominent examples.—

Last Night of Performance at the
NEW PRICES.

NEW THEATRE, COVENT-GARDEN.

This evening will be presented for the last time, an Operatic Farce, in One Act, called

IMPOSITION.

Avarice, Mr. KEMBLE!
Pride, Mr. KEMBLE!!
Affectation, Mr. KEMBLE!!!
Insolence, Mr. KEMBLE!!!

Being his last appearance before the Public.

Fool Hardy, Mr. HARRIS.

Noodle, Doodle, &c. The other Proprietors.

Oath-Taker, JEMMY BOX-OFFICE.

Informers, Long Gibbons, Count Snip, of Castle-street, the Blind Boy, the Battersea-fields Baron, &c. &c.

New Price, as Old Prices, (with the Song of "Many a true word is spoken in jest")
Bully Raymond.

Between the Scenes,
Slight of Hand and Legerdemain Tricks,
By the Proprietors.

After which, as an Interlude,

RAISING THE WIND, otherwise RAISING THE DEVIL;
Or, DIDDLER DIDDLED.

Including the Bilking Scene between Diddler and Sam,

Diddler, Mr. KEMBLE.—"You haven't got such a thing as Eighteen Pence about you, have you?"

Sam, JOHN BULL.—"Yes: and I mean to keep it about me, do you see!"

In the course of the Interlude, Mr. KEMBLE will recite, as on a former equally suitable occasion, when it was received with unbounded approbation and applause, by a highly gratified audience, his celebrated Address of

"WHAT DO YOU WANT!"

Immediately following the Interlude, will be presented, for the Benefit of the Proprietors, the last Scene of the Farce of

THE CONFEDERATES.

Being a Capital Deception by the following inimitable Performers, hired for the occasion—Le Chevalier ap Rice, Le Sieur Thomaso Le Plume, Gallows Black Jack, of the Old Bailey, M. Witless, from Threadneedle-street, and Mynheer Pharisee Ankerstill, the well known publick subscription Actor.

The former scenes of the Confederates are acted, in conjunction with the Proprietors, in private, behind the Curtain, for the Benefit of the Publick.

Afterwards will be performed for the last time, the first Act of a Grand unfinished Tragic Ballet of Action, called

JOHN OX; OR,

The cruel Attempt to despoil John Bull of his Noble Parts.

The whole being arranged under the Management of Mr. JEW KEMBLE.

The representation will take place in the Audience Part of the House, the following most numerous Corps de Ballet being distributed in the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries for that purpose

First Drover, DANIEL MENDOZA, at the head of 150 fighting Jews and hired Bruizers, as Constables.

Second Drover, BILL SOAMES, with his Gang of House-breakers, and Pick-pockets, as keepers of the Peace.

Third Drover, The fighting Waterman, leading a Band of Desperadoes and Ruffians, in the Dresses of Bow-street Officers.

Grand Mob of Drovers. By all the Thieves, Bullies, and Blackguards of the Metropolis, that can be prevailed on by the "Managers' Orders" to perform

Slaughtermen. Parson Ayres, Mr. Ede, Mr. M'Barney, &c &c.

Head Slaughterman. Mr. GRAYMAN, burnt out from the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

The Proprietors, after various and unsuccessful attempts, not having it in their power to conclude the above striking representation agreeable to their wishes, it will be withdrawn.

We have only to add a few original remarks on the new theatre in general, extracted from "*The Jubilee, or John Bull in his Dotage. A grand National Pantomime; as it was to have been acted by his Majesty's Subjects, on the 25th of Oct.* 1809."—The author, whose strong talents as a satirist have long been acknowledged by the publick, has thrown the part we allude to into the form of a dialogue between *Asmodeus* and *Commis*.

Asmodeus.—That is the massy pile which the inhabitants of London have been taught to call magnificent.

Commis.—You surely mistake in calling it a theatre; it must be some solemn temple dedicated to the gods.

Asmodeus.—Your supposition is fully justified, as the principal front is borrowed from an Athenian Temple, and bears no more analogy to the other side, than the portico of St. Martin's Church does to the heavy walls of Bedlam!

One basso relievo is presumed to be illustrative of the ancient drama. Aristophanes and Menander are anxiously looking towards the entrance, to implore some counsellor, who understands Greek, to favour them with a *Habeas Corpus* that they may be carried back to Lacedemon without delay. The other is an attempt to illustrate the modern drama. That is the inimitable Shakspeare, who had the singular privilege from Jove, to unlock the human bosom, and examine its tenantry.

Now we will enter the *vestibule!* This is the grand stair case (as they phrase it) flanked and gloomily lighted with antique lamps, as if we were ascending the tombs of the Scipios, or a Roman council at midnight, and not the mart of publick pleasure.

We are now in the auditory, and the *coup d'œil* is not unexceptionable. The drop scene yonder, is supremely whimsical. There are Eschylus, Plautus, Lopez de Vega, and other poets, looking glumly at each other, like strangers suddenly flanking a *Table d'Hote*; while the Bard of Avon in the centre, looks as if he had become so splenetick at the abominations practised upon his genius, by modern arrogance, that he was retiring and fading into oblivion, like the ærial puppet of a phantasmagoria!

The *private boxes* are not only an

encroachment upon *popular right*, but so constructed that the subscribers may even economise in the prosecution of voluptuousness, with an adequate security against the danger and impertinence of witnesses. The dome is too sacerdotal in its character, and the isolated instrument in the middle, which the painter intended for a lyre, looks at a distance, like a Cremona fiddle in purgatory.

That gallery which is so elevated, that it strains the optic nerve to perceive it, is the appropriated reception for the *ci-devant* gods. But they are no longer of the true Olympian breed, they have been metamorphosed into *pigeons*, who are allowed to peep from their holes in small battalions, as volunteers fire: and their power of *thundering* is abridged for ever!

That gloomy recess yonder, where the human visages appear as through the medium of a mist, is called the *basket*; but it is so abominably contrived, that it looks like a continuity of Bail Docks, where the vile and the vicious are huddled together, to await trial for their misdemeanors, and spit and foam, stew and melt, in adverse contact like Antipathies, dissolving in a crucible.

The avenues to the pit are frightfully intricate, and remind me of the catacombs near Naples. I am impressed on passing them with the chilling idea of entering the damp and horrible dungeon of an Inquisition; or the vaults of a cemetry, to mingle with the dust of martyrs, and be locked up in silent seclusion from the light of the blessed sun."

The keen sighted author also censures the lion and unicorn supporting the king's arms, *couchant*; as if they were fatigued, or sick of supporting the royal emblems, rather than as the *vigilant*, *invincible*, and *proud* guardians of the rights and honours of the House of Hanover!

It seems however, that this satirical poet has not made any observations upon the scenes of all this sombre magnificence being apparently converted into a perpetual *bear-garden*. We hope for the credit of those who have occasioned these tumultuous proceedings, that at least by the Christmas Holidays, the boarding school misses and their delicate attendants may be effectually secured from the rude alarms, and interruptions of an enraged multitude, and the clamour of the contending parties.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE last month is one of the most extraordinary that has occurred in this country. Events on the continent, important as they are, excited scarcely any curiosity. All were occupied on domestick occurrences; and the theatre divided with a pair of duellists nearly the whole of the public attention. The length of the present king's reign gave rise to another scene; and the jubilee, which would have been celebrated with universal satisfaction if proper preparations had been made for it, was so managed, that individuals were at a loss to know whether a public demonstration of joy, or private acts of beneficence, were the most acceptable.

But of all the great features of the month the theatre of Covent-Garden claims the pre-eminence. In our last its tumults were noticed; but little was it thought that, in a civilised country, a contest of such a nature could have been carried on at all, much less with those asperities which seem to indicate a determination to brutalise the mind, and to make those who ought to be, and to know themselves to be, the servants of the public, alike indifferent to public censure or applause. The theatre of Covent-Garden, it is well-known, was burnt down last year; and, if it had not been burnt down, it would, there is reason to believe, have been taken down.—The managers lost no time in rebuilding it, and a very elegant and far more commodious structure has been erected on the scite of the old theatre. The opening of the new house was attended with a very impolitic measure—an advance in the prices of admission; and, instead of entering with satisfaction to examine and enjoy the beauties of the new building, the public were put into very ill humour, and all the decorations and splendid

appearances of novelty were entirely lost. Had the managers opened the house at the old prices, it would have been crowded every night with multitudes, gratified with the very pleasing sight afforded to them: and after a time, after they had had full opportunity of examining and judging of the expence, the managers might have intimated the intention of raising the price next year; and their plan would then probably have met with no opposition. At any rate, they would have received the profits of numerous full houses; and the beauty of the building would have raised a considerable fund to pay for its erection.

When the audience, after paying the increased prices, had begun to vent its spleen on the imposition, another circumstance was laid hold of, which added, and with just cause, to the popular resentment. A tier of boxes was appropriated to the use of private persons: and thus an odious distinction was introduced into the house. The impropriety of these boxes it is not necessary to dwell upon: but they gave occasion to allusions of a very indecent nature, and it was hinted that they had conveniences which ought not in an English theatre to be suspected. We disapprove of these boxes, even when there is not the slightest ground for these insinuations; much more should we abominate them if they have any tendency to afford privacy where nothing ought to be permitted unworthy of the public eye. At any rate, after the remarks that have been made upon them, a lady must have more courage than modesty to be seen in them, unless she is surrounded with a number of her sex to keep her in countenance.

The campaign opened under these inauspicious circumstances to the managers, who were by no means ready to acquiesce in the first symptoms of popular resentment. After very considerable riots, the house was shut up, in order that its affairs might be laid before a committee: and this committee, after a short interval, delivered their report, from which the managers thought themselves justified in their measures, and expected public acquiescence. This report was printed in the play-bills of the day, which announced the opening of the theatre at the new prices. But the public was by no means to be so deluded.—Their resistance was stronger than before, and the voice of the actors was completely drowned in their clamours.

The theatre now presented a new appearance.—On the stage, actors to whom no one attended; and before the stage, an audience turning its back upon those actors, and indulging in every species of tumult. If the raising of the prices produced clamour without end, the mode attempted to quell it increased it beyond measure. A number of Jews and boxers was sent into the pit to support the new prices, and the Bow-street runners were on the alert to seize the advocates for the old prices. The measure was ill judged: for a few nights the Jews seemed to triumph; but the exasperated public, both within and without doors, put an end to this atrocious insult on the nation. At last affairs came into a regular plan. Scarcely any persons went to the former part of the play, but those who had orders or tickets of free admission; but at half-price the house was completely filled, and from that moment nothing on the stage was to be heard, and the sounds of the orchestra were drowned in the overpowering efforts of the human voice.

The managers, however, persisted, and these nightly tumults became regular, producing, on the one hand, a very degrading situation to the unfortunate actors, and, on the other, exposing a number of individuals to confinement in prison. Nothing could be so painful to the feeling mind as to see the performers go through their parts of the play just as if no audience was before them, and thus accustoming themselves to look no longer for any reward in public applause for their labours. What can these poor men hereafter think of public approbation or disapprobation! If they could stand the brunt of such a mortifying scene, if they could go through their parts merely as a task which they were hired to perform, they must lose all sense of that dignity which we would wish to be preserved in every profession.

But the feelings of the actors are trifling compared with what was experienced by the public, on the indignities offered to various persons for the expression or supposed expression of their sentiments in the theatre. Scarcely a night passed, but some were seized, and carried to Bow-street, where the police magistrates were sitting to receive informations; and many were committed to prison, who, from the hour of the night, and the distance of their friends, were unable to procure the exorbitant bail demanded of them. Notorious as was the tumult excited by the Jews and boxers on the part of the managers, it does not appear that one was ever seized and carried to Bow-street; though the runners of that place could hurry to prison a poor girl for springing a child's rattle, and follow to a distant coffee-house a man, who, instead of creating a tumult in the house, really afforded a respite from the noise by the oration which he delivered.—This did not however avail him before the Bow-street magistrates, whose conduct upon this and other occasions of the like kind, we sincerely hope and trust will become a matter of serious discussion in parliament. The nature of the bail required, and of the magistrates interference in so partial a manner, are questions of great importance. If, upon these tumults, they had called upon the Lord Chamberlain to put a stop to the performance of plays till order could be restored, every one must have applauded their conduct: but they seem to have forgotten that there may be as much riot in favouring as in the censure of the managers.

The two duellists occupied a great share of the public attention, as their contemptible conduct affected either themselves or the public. A vulgar proverb tells us, that there is honour among thieves: and on this ground the question was, whether Mr. Canning could in any way be vindicated.—Lord Castlereagh's letter to him, charging him with duplicity, was given to the public soon after the duel was fought; but it was a long time before any thing came out on the part of Mr. Canning to rebut the charge. At last a statement appeared, by which the main points in Lord Castlereagh's letter were clearly settled. It was evident that Mr. Canning had intrigued against Lord Castlereagh, and played a part not unknown in some foreign courts, but totally contrary to the old principles of English honour. In short, we cannot but say, that, at present, Mr. Canning does assuredly appear to have acted, as we say in plain English, like a paltry fellow: and, unless he vindicates himself clearly, he is unworthy any longer to be admitted into gentlemen's company. This vindication we may expect at the meeting of parliament, when all that led to the impudent and atrocious insult offered by these two ministers of his majesty's councils to their king and country, will undergo public investigation.

It was expected, that the king would himself, at the first meeting of the privy council, have struck out of the list these two members, and thus afforded a striking example that such disgraceful conduct could not pass unnoticed. But no such event took place, though, it is said, that the king expressed in very strong terms his disapprobation of the men who could give such occasion, in these difficult times, of triumph to the enemy.—Whilst Bonaparte's officers were at their posts, assiduous in promoting his measures, these two men were in the field, not warring against enemies, but firing against each other: they were proclaiming to the world how ill they must have filled, for some time previously, their respective departments. But both have ceased to be ministers of the crown; and the formation of a new ministry has been another object of great curiosity, as well as of public embarrassment.

The Duke of Portland's illness compelled him to resign. The two duellists resigned on account of the insult they had offered their king and country, by the bad example they had set to his subjects, and the proof that they could not both sit in the same councils. The whole management of public affairs rested then with the two lawyers, Mr. Perceval and Lord Eldon, the one a second-rate in the common law, the other well versed in the subtleties of the Chancery bar.—The first thing done was to send letters by express to Lord Grenville, in

Cornwall, and to Lord Grey, in Northumberland, requesting them to assist in the new ministry, which the resignations had made necessary. Lord Grenville came up to town; but Lord Grey contented himself with returning back a very spirited and proper reply, that he would not condescend to act in concert with men whose measures were in his opinion fraught with mischief to the kingdom. Lord Grenville came up to town, but had no other intercourse with ministers than by letter: for, finding that he was not to have access to the king, but that all was to be managed between him and the two lawyers, he declined any farther discussion, and left them to manage the business by themselves.

Disconcerted in this attempt to strengthen themselves from the quarter of opposition, the ministers sought for assistance in every hole and corner. At last Mr. Perceval became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Eldon and Lord Hawkesbury and Lord Chatham retained their places, and the vacant departments were filled up as well as the urgency of the case permitted. If such a ministry stands, weakened as it is by the secession of its two ablest members, Canning and Castlereagh, pressed by the inquiries into the business of Talavera and Walcheren, and threatened by the new vigour of Bonaparte, we must lament the decline of all the maxims which tend to make a nation great; and still more lament, that there is such a dearth of talent and of spirit in the country. We see now the effects of Mr. Pitt's administration.—We are come to the legacy that he has bequeathed his country.—Instead of cultivating talent, he brought forward those meagre abilities, which could only serve as a foil to his superior talents.

Thus was the jubilee of this reign brought in, a reign whose complicated events will form a striking period in future history. The city of London, we observed in our last, had a meeting to consider in what manner the event was to be celebrated, and the question was to be referred to a committee. The report renewed the discussion, and the meeting was tumultuous. At last it was agreed, that there should be neither dinner nor illumination; but that the Lord Mayor and court should go in procession to St. Paul's, and the city bestow a thousand pounds for charitable purposes. In consequence of this determination, there were various wardmotes and meetings of parishes, in which illuminations were discountenanced, and charity encouraged; and the same fashion ran through the country. But, as the day drew near, individuals were put to no small inconvenience: they had paid the charitable subscriptions required in lieu of illumination, but they were not without dread that lights would be required in their windows, and the resolutions put it out of their power to make the previous preparations.

At last, the frames placed upon the bank, the mansion-house, the India-house, and other public offices, proved the intention of public offices to illuminate on this occasion; and here and there an emblem was to be seen in preparation in private houses.—The day itself was ushered in by the ringing of bells; the middle of the day was occupied in looking at the preparations for the evening, or in viewing the grand procession of the Lord Mayor to St. Paul's, or the three regiments of guards drawn up in St. James's Park, who fired three vollies upon the occasion, which were followed by three old English huzzas. Regiments of volunteers were out, and there was sufficient bustle and employment. At night, the streets were crowded to see the illuminations, in which the city far surpassed the west end of the town; and shewed what might have been done if no check had intervened to stop the effusions of loyalty which such a day could not fail of producing. In point of taste, little new was shewn, except in the houses of Messrs. Blades and Co. on Ludgate-hill, and Hancock and Co. Cockspur-street. These houses pointed out what elegant dispositions may be made of glass, which, on a future illumination, will we doubt not decorate many private houses.—Though the streets were crowded, no injury was done to the many houses that were not illuminated. The Lord Mayor gave a dinner at the mansion-house; but the ministers of state went

to an anomalous dinner made by subscription, at three guineas a head, of several persons engaged in trade in the city.—The king proclaimed a pardon on this day to all deserters from army and navy; and this is the first only of the good acts which will immortalise the year.

France, it is said, anticipated our illuminations. Previous reports had reached the country of a peace being made between France and Austria; and as such an event was naturally to be expected, the farther rumour that illuminations in France had been seen, and reports of cannon heard at Dover, established the opinion. But nothing decisive has at this time of writing appeared, though probably the treaty will soon arrive in England. Conjectures state very harsh terms to Austria; and some assert, that, instead of a peace, it is only to be a truce for twenty years, during which time each party is to retain what it has got. This would sever from Austria the best part of its territories; and, in fact, whether peace or truce be the result of the late negociations, the power of Austria is for ever broken, and it is reduced to the rank of a secondary kingdom.

The French papers amuse themselves and their readers with their accounts of the expedition to Walcheren, and the battle of Talavera, and the subsequent flight of the new-made lord from the latter place. On the former subject, they lay the blame rather on the planners of the expedition than on those appointed to execute it: but it is to be observed, that Bonaparte has instituted a military inquiry into the conduct of the commander of Flushing. However flattering the French accounts may be to Lord Chatham, we cannot say that any thing has reached us from our own army that agrees with these commendations. The French make a great parade of the preparations they had made to receive us: our accounts state only most unaccountable delay on the part of the assailants, at the time when the utmost vigour was wanting. It is sufficient to observe, that had one of Bonaparte's generals acted in the same manner, long before this time there would have been an inquiry into his conduct.

On the battle of Talavera the French papers give the British troops due encomiums on their bravery: but their censures on the general are evidently written by men well versed in military affairs. They accuse, and apparently with great reason, our commander of the want of all the qualities which constitute a great general. He is, in their eyes, a mere dasher; fit only to head a body of disciplined Europeans against Mahrattamen or Lascars, but totally unqualified to cope with those who have been brought up in the school of Bonaparte. They laugh at his complaints of want of provision for so small an army, when the whole country of Portugal was open to his rear, with the ocean at his command; and biscuit might have been brought from the ships in three days to him. Whilst the English were in such distress, plenty reigned in the French army, simply because they are as attentive to the care of their soldiers before and after, as they are eager to train them for the day of battle.

They despise our general also for his total want of foresight and information. Who, say they, would think of advancing into a country, without informing himself with what troops he might expect to cope? Who would not have made previous inquiries of the enemy likely to fall on his rear, as well as those he was to meet in his front? They prove him to be totally unacquainted with the nature of the warfare, and to have fallen into disgrace from his own ignorance, incapacity, and temerity. But melancholy as it is to read those triumphs of the enemy over us, it is some subject of consolation, that the sick and wounded, left at their mercy, have been treated with the utmost kindness and humanity: so that they, who remained on the field of battle, have, in the end, been better off than those who fled with Lord Wellington from Talavera.

Of Spain we know little more than that Lord Talavera still hovers on the confines of Portugal: that frequent contests take place between the French and Spaniards, but the whole is confined to the *petite guerre*; that the main armies of France have not yet entered the south of Spain, which still is subject to the Junta at Seville.

But, alas! of this Junta at Seville we can augur little good. At this time it is said that it is to be superseded; and its powers are to be vested in a regent, the Prince Archbishop of Toledo. From him we cannot form great expectations; and, in fact, the whole of their plans shew the want of a decisive and commanding mind to direct the energies of the country with success. A perfect contrast is seen at Madrid. There the sovereign is in full action, making laws that are beneficial to the country, suppressing convents, and restraining the power of the priests. Religious toleration is proclaimed in its fullest extent; and the censorate of books, which formerly belonged to the inquisition, is abolished. This effect of the French arms we may observe every where.—At Vienna they had a number of trifling laws on the subject of books; and the works of the best authors of this country were prohibited. The whole is now changed, and the only restraint is on political writings, as far as they relate to the present state of the country, in which the conqueror maintains his rights, and will not suffer his title to be invaded.

The war between Sweden and Russia is certainly at an end, and the articles of peace have been published. The former now rues the day that gave her up to the chivalrous king, to that king, whose follies found so many advocates in this country, who achieved not a single action worthy of a soldier or a sovereign, and whose conduct lost to Sweden its best territories.—Finland is now the property of Russia, and the territory of Sweden is confined within the limits formed by the western side of the Gulph of Bothnia, the Baltic, the eastern borders of Norway, and the frozen regions of the north. Of the deposed king we know nothing. A liberal allowance is made to him: and the present king is endeavouring to repair the mischief committed by his predecessor.

Russia speaks vauntingly of its new conquests and the glory of its arms. Finland is indeed a valuable acquisition, and its natives may meliorate the slaves who are sent to govern them. The Russian soldier will here learn new principles, both in religion and politics; and, by degrees, his brutish mind may be elevated above its present sphere. What part Russia took in the peace with Austria is not known. Peace without doubt is established also between these powers; and the war, which has been carried on with languor against Turkey, will be more brisk, and the tottering throne of the Ottoman will be again shaken to its centre.

Our ambassador is landed in America, and been received with due honours by the sovereign, but with some not very civil speeches from the publick. A negotiation is begun which may be of long duration. An awkward circumstance has, however, arisen. Part of a boat's crew of one of our ships deserted, and a demand was made by our consul to the magistrates, that they might be seized and delivered up to the ship. The sailors were, in consequence, seized, and the consul was called upon to shew his claim. The case was argued by counsel on both sides; and the result was, that the magistrates, having no fault to find with the men, and no breach of the peace being alledged against them, did not feel themselves authorized to hold them in custody. They were of course liberated, and carried away in triumph by the people. This is a difficulty which must frequently occur, unless altered by positive law: and a question arises, whether, if an American leaves his vessel in the Thames and loiters about Wapping, the master of the vessel can call upon a justice of the peace to issue a writ for him, and send him afterwards in custody of the constable aboard his ship? Here the master might complain of a breach of contract: but if, in the case of the British seamen, there was no contract, they were pressed men, that plea is lost; and the Americans must be satisfied, that it is the law of our country to interfere with ships' crews before they make any change in their own laws.

In the south of America a doubtful government exists. Buenos Ayres knows scarcely whom to obey, and it is said to have asserted its independence. To this probably it will soon be brought, and no one can be sorry for it: and if the Peruvians follow the same example, it will be better for the world. Of the Brazilians we cannot

say that they are improved by an European court settling amongst them. An edict has been issued on the liberty of the press, worthy of the times of the deepest ignorance. A Brazilian has, however, spoken freely his sentiments on the decree: and if his countrymen participate but in a small degree in his vigour and energy, they may be preserved from that yoke of ignorance and superstition which made the Portuguese the most degraded nation in Europe.

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Official Details *of the* Operations *of the* British Forces *in* Spain.

[*Continued from p.* 253.]

Dispatches, of which the following are copies and extracts, were this day received at the office of Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Viscount Wellington, K.B.

Truxillo, Aug. 20, 1809.

My Lord,—I wrote some days ago a letter to the French commander-in-chief, which I sent to him by Lieut.-Colonel Walters, to request his care and attention to the wounded officers and soldiers of the British army, who had fallen into his hands, in return for the care and attention which I had paid to the French officers and soldiers, who had fallen into my hands at different times; and that he would allow money to be sent to the officers; and that officers, who should not be deemed prisoners of war, might be sent to superintend and take care of the soldiers, till they should recover from their wounds, when the officers should be sent to join the British army.

I received a very civil answer from Marshal Mortier, promising that every care should be taken, and every attention paid to the British officers and soldiers who were wounded; but stating, that he could not answer upon the other demands contained in my letter, having been obliged to refer them to the commander-in-chief.

Since the receipt of this letter, Mr. Dillon, the assistant commissary, has arrived from Talavera, having been taken prisoner near Cevolla on the 27th of July, previous to the action, and having been allowed to come away. He reports that the British officers and soldiers, who are wounded, are doing remarkably well; and are well fed and taken care of; indeed he says preferably to the French troops.

I propose to send Colonel Walters with another flag of truce, to-morrow morning, and a letter to the commander-in-chief of the French army, requesting that a sum of money, which I shall send, may be given to the officers; and I shall endeavour to establish a cartel of exchange, as soon as possible.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. Wellesley.

Lord Viscount Castlereagh,
&c. &c. &c.

Truxillo, Aug. 21, 1809.

My Lord,—When I marched from Talavera on the 3d inst. with a view to oppose the French corps which we had heard had passed through the Puerto de Banôs, and had arrived at Placentia, Sir Robert Wilson was detached, upon the left of the army, towards Escalona; and before I marched on that morning, I put him in communication with the Spanish General Cuesta, who, it had been settled, was to remain at Talavera. I understood that General Cuesta put Sir Robert in communication with his advanced guard, which retired from Talavera on the night of the 4th.

Sir Robert Wilson, however, did not arrive at Valada till the night of the 4th, having made a long march through the mountains: and as he was then six leagues from the bridge of Arco Bispo, and had to cross the high road from Oropesa to Talavera, of which the enemy was in possession, he conceived that he was too late to retire to Arco Bispo, and he determined to move by Venta St. Julien and Centinello towards the Tietara, and across that river towards the mountains which separate Castile from Estremadura.

Some of Sir Robert Wilson's dispatches having missed me, I am not aware by which of the passes he went through the mountains, but I believe by Tornavacas. He arrived, however, at Banôs on the 11th, and on the 12th was attacked and defeated by the French corps of Marshal Ney, which, with that of Soult, returned to Placentia on the 9th, 10th, and 11th; that of Ney having since gone on towards Salamanca.

I inclose Sir Robert Wilson's account of the action. He has been very active, intelligent, and useful in the command of the Portuguese and Spanish corps, with which he was detached from this army.

Before the battle of the 28th of July, he had pushed his parties almost to the gates of Madrid, with which city he was in communication; and he would have been in Madrid, if I had not thought it proper to call him in, in expectation of that general action which took place on the 28th of July. He afterwards alarmed the enemy on the right of his army; and throughout the service, shewed himself to be an active and intelligent partizan, well acquainted with the country in which he was acting, and possessing the confidence of the troops which he commanded.

Being persuaded that his retreat was not open by Arco Bispo, he acted right in taking the road he did, with which he was well acquainted; and although unsuccessful in the action which he fought (which may well be accounted for, by the superior numbers and description of the enemy's troops,) the action, in my opinion, does him great credit.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. WELLESLEY.

Miranda de Castenar, Aug. 13, 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to acquaint you, that I was on march yesterday morning on the road of Grenadelia from Aldea Neuva, to restore my communication with the allied army, when a peasant assured us, that a considerable quantity of dust, which we perceived in the road of Placentia, proceeded from the march of a body of the enemy.

I immediately returned, and took post in front of Banôs, with my pickets in advance of Aldea Neuva, selecting such points for defence as the exigency of the time permitted.

The enemy's cavalry advanced on the high road, and drove back my small cavalry posts; but a picket of Spanish infantry, which I had concealed, poured in on the cavalry a steady and well-directed fire, that killed and wounded many of them.

The two hundred Spanish infantry in advance of Aldea Neuva, continued, under the direction of Colonel Grant and their officers, to maintain their ground most gallantly, until the enemy's cavalry and chasseurs à cheval, in considerable bodies, appeared on both flanks, when they were obliged to retreat.

The enemy's chasseurs à cheval and cavalry advanced in great numbers in every direction, and pushed to cut off the legion posted between Aldea Neuva and Banôs; but, by the steady conduct of officers and men, the enemy could only advance gradually, and with a very severe loss, from the commanding fire thrown on them.

The Merida battalion, however, having given way on the right, a road was laid open, which cut behind our position, and I was obliged to order a retreat on the heights above Banôs, when I was again necessitated to detach a corps, in order to scour the road of Monte Major, by which I saw the enemy directing a column, and which road turned altogether the Puerto de Banôs, a league in our rear.

At this time, Don Carlos Marquis de Estragne came up with his battalion of light infantry, and, in the most gallant manner, took post along the heights commanding the road of Banôs, which enabled me to send some of the Merida battalion on the mountain on our left, commanding the main road, and which the enemy had tried to ascend.

The battalion of light infantry, and the detachment of the legion on its right, continued, notwithstanding the enemy's fire of artillery and musketry, to maintain their ground; but, at six o'clock in the evening, three columns of the enemy mounted the height on our left, gained it, and poured such a fire on the troops below, that longer defence was impracticable, and the whole was obliged to retire on the mountains on our left, leaving open the main road, along which a considerable column of cavalry immediately poured.

The battalion of Seville had been left at Bejar, with orders to follow me next day, but when I was obliged to return, and the action commenced, I ordered it to Puerto Banôs, to watch the Monte Major road, and the heights in the rear of our left.

When the enemy's cavalry came near, an officer and some dragoons called out to the commanding officer to surrender, but a volley killed him and his party, and then the battalion proceeded to mount the heights, in

which movement it was attacked and surrounded by a column of cavalry and a column of infantry, but cut its way and cleared itself, killing a great many of the enemy, especially of his cavalry.

The enemy is now passing to Salámanca with great expedition; I lament that I could no longer arrest his progress; but, when the enormous superiority of the enemy's force is considered, and that we had no artillery, and that the Puerto de Banôs, on the Estremaduran side, is not a pass of such strength, as on the side of Castile, especially without guns, I hope that a resistance for nine hours, which must have cost the enemy a great many men, will not be deemed inadequate to our means.

I have to acknowledge the services rendered me on this occasion by Col. Grant, Major Reiman, Don Fermen Marquis, Adjutant-Major of the dragoons of Pavia, Captain Charles and Mr. Bolmon; and to express the greatest approbation of two companies of the Merida battalions, advanced in front, and of the commanding officer and soldiery of the battalions of Seville, and the Portuguese brigade. I have already noticed the distinguished conduct of Don Carlos, and his battalion merits the highest encomiums.

I have not been able to collect the returns of our loss. From the nature of mountain warfare, many men are missing, who cannot join for a day or two, but I believe the enemy will only have to boast that he has achieved his passage, and his killed and wounded will be a great diminution of his victory.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ROBERT WILSON.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, &c. &c.

Truxillo, Aug. 21, 1809.

General Cuesta moved his head-quarters from the neighbourhood of the bridge of Arcobispo on the night of the 7th inst. to Peraleca de Garbin, leaving an advanced guard, consisting of two divisions of infantry, and the Duke D'Albuquerque's division of cavalry, for the defence of the passage of the Tagus at this point.

The French cavalry passed the Tagus at a ford immediately above the bridge, at half-past one in the afternoon of the 8th, and surprised this advanced guard, which retired, leaving behind them all their cannon, as well as those in the batteries constructed for the defence of the bridge.

The General then moved his head-quarters to the Mesa d'Ibor, on the evening of the 8th, having his advanced guard at Bohoral. He resigned the command of the army on the 12th, (on account of the bad state of his health,) which has devolved upon General Equia. The head-quarters of the Spanish army are now at Deleytosa.

It appears, that a detachment of Venegas's army had some success against the enemy, in an attack made upon it in the neighbourhood of Aranjuez, on the 5th instant. Gen. Venegas was then at Ocana, and he had determined to retire towards the Sierra Morena; and, after the 5th, he had moved in that direction. He returned, however, towards Toledo, with an intention of attacking the enemy on the 12th; but, on the 11th, the enemy attacked him, with Sebastiani's corps and two divisions of Victor's, in the neighbourhood of Almoracid.—The action appears to have lasted some hours; but the French having at last gained an advantage on Gen. Venegas's left, he was obliged to retire; and was about to resume his position in the Sierra Morena.

On the 9th, 10th, and 11th, large detachments of the French troops, which had come from Placentia, returned to that quarter; and, on the 12th, they attacked and defeated Sir Robert Wilson in the Puerto de Banôs, on their return to Salamanca.

It appears now, that the French force in this part of Spain is distributed as follows: Marshal Victor's corps is divided between Talavera and La Mancha; Sebastiani's is in La Mancha; Marshal Mortier's at Oropesa, Arco Bispo, and Navalmoral; Marshal Soult's at Placentia; and Marshal Ney's at Salamanca.

Distress for want of provisions, and its effects, have at last obliged me to move towards the frontiers of Portugal, in order to refresh my troops. In my former dispatches, I have informed your lordship of our distress for the want of provisions and the means of transport. Those wants,

which were the first cause of the loss of many advantages, after the 22d of July, which were made known to the government, and were actually known to them on the 20th of last month, still exist in an aggravated degree; and, under these circumstances, I determined to break up, on the 20th, from Jaraicejo, where I had had my head-quarters since the 11th, with the advanced posts on the Tagus, near the bridge of Almarez, and to fall back upon the frontier of Portugal; where I hope I shall be supplied with every thing I want.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) A. Wellesley.

GALLANT ACTION.

His Majesty's sloop Bonne Citoyenne, Halifax, 1st Aug. 1809.

Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 18th day of June, having sailed from Spithead in company with his Majesty's ship Inflexible, and the Quebec trade, on the 2d of July, in latitude forty-four degrees north, longitude twenty-seven degrees west, I had the misfortune to lose sight of the convoy in reconnoitring a strange suspicious sail astern, and by traversing between the parallels of forty-three and forty-four degrees north, edging to the westward in proportion to the distance I supposed they would sail with such winds, in order to regain the fleet; I had the good fortune, on the 5th, at three P.M. in latitude forty-three degrees forty-one minutes north, and longitude thirty-four west, to fall in with a French frigate in the act of taking possession of a large English merchant ship, which they shortly relinquished on our approach, and steered to the northward under a press of sail. Finding they did not answer the private signal, I immediately bore up in pursuit, and, after a chace of eighteen hours, at twenty-five minutes past nine A.M. on the 6th, had the satisfaction to lay his Majesty's sloop along-side within pistol-shot of the enemy, who had brought-to to engage us.

A brisk cannonade with round and grape immediately commenced, and the combat continued with unabated fury, gradually closing until sixteen minutes past four P.M. when our powder being nearly all expended I determined to carry her by boarding with all hands, and at the instant of laying her aboard for that purpose, they called out they had surrendered, and struck their colours to his Majesty's sloop. Thus ended a conflict obstinately maintained for six hours and fifty minutes, during which the enemy fired away more then seventy broadsides, whilst his Majesty's sloop not less sparing, discharged one hundred and twenty-nine destructive broadsides, alternately from the starboard and larboard sides, as circumstances would permit me to change her position with advantage, so as to avoid the necessity of slackening our fire from the guns being over heated, three of which were dismounted and rendered useless early in the action.

She proved to be La Furieuse, a French frigate of the largest class, that escaped from the Saintes on the 1st of April, commanded by Captain Le Marant Ker Daniel, pierced for forty-eight guns, but having only twelve forty-two pound carronades and two long twenty-four pounders on the main deck, with six of smaller calibre; forty soldiers at small arms, her full proportion of officers, and a complement of two hundred men, besides the colonel, two lieutenants, and a detachment of the 66th regiment of the line; partly loaded with sugar and coffee, and sailed from Basse Terre the 14th June, bound to France; is seven years old, and sails very fast.

After a hard contested action a most arduous duty still remained to be performed. On taking possession we found the frigate in a most perilous state, with fourteen shot holes between wind and water, and five feet water in her hold. Her top masts, and all her yards (except the cross jack and spritsail) shot away, and her lower masts so badly wounded as to render it almost impossible to prevent them from falling, with more than seventy men killed and wounded, whilst his Majesty's sloop was reduced to a mere wreck, having all her lower masts badly wounded in several places, as well as the fore and main topmasts and mizen topmast shot away, nearly

all the standing and every part of the running rigging, sails, boats, &c. cut to pieces. After securing the prisoners (the weather being very favourable during the night) by the exertion of Mr. Sandom, second lieutenant, and Mr. Atwater, the carpenter, several of the most dangerous shot holes were stopped, so as to enable them to keep the ship free: but all their efforts to save her masts proved ineffectual, as the main and mizen masts went over board the next day, leaving the bare foremast standing wounded in three places.

The indefatigable exertions of every officer and man in the Bonne Citoyenne in fishing and securing her masts, so as to be able to take the frigate in tow, and surmounting every other difficulty, merit my warmest praise and admiration; and I feel highly gratified in reporting to their lordships, that nothing could exceed the animated zeal and unwearied intrepidity of the officers, seamen, and royal marines, whom I have the honour to command, in a contest with an enemy apparently of so great a superiority of force; indeed the patience with which all hands have borne the extreme fatigue and privation of being constantly on deck for twenty-five days and nights, does them infinite credit, and urges me to so long a detail.

Thus circumstanced, I was induced to make the best of my way to this port, where I arrived with the prize on the 1st instant. The Bonne Citoyenne requiring three lower masts, &c. to enable her to proceed in the prosecution of their lordships' orders.—I am happy to say our loss has been inconceivably small, which I can attribute only to the lowness of the Bonne Citoyenne's hull, and being so close under the enemy's guns.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. MOUNSEY.

Vice-Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, K.B.

SUPPLEMENT *to the* LONDON GAZETTE, *Tuesday, July* 11.

An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809.

[Concluded from p. 257.]

BATTLE OF THE 22d OF MAY.

Corps of Lieutenant-General Hiller.

WITH the morning's dawn the enemy renewed his attacks, which far surpassed in impetuosity those of the preceding day. It was a conflict of valour and mutual exasperation.—Scarcely had the French Guards compelled General Wacquant to abandon Aspern, when the regiment of Klobek again penetrated into the burning village, drove back the choicest troops of the enemy, and engaged in a new contest in the midst of the conflagration, still, at the expiration of an hour, it was also obliged to give way. The regiment of Benjovsky now rushed in, and at the first onset gained possession of the church-yard, the walls of which Field-Marshal Lieutenant Hiller immediately ordered the first division of pioneers to pull down, and the church, together with the parsonage, to be set on fire. Thus was this regiment, supported by some battalions, commanded by General Bianchi, at length enabled to maintain itself at the entrance of the village, after overcoming the resistance, bordering on despair, opposed by the flower of the French army.

Neither could the enemy produce any farther effect upon the bushy meadow, after Lieutenant-General Hillier had ordered the force there to be supported by two battalions of Anton Mittrowsky's and a battery; on which the Jagers, St. George's, and two battalions of Vienna Volunteers, drove him from his advantageous position, which he never afterwards attempted to recover.

As about this time the left wing of the corps was likewise placed in security by three batteries sent by the Lieutenant-General, to support the General of Cavalry, Count Bellegarde, and the latter maintained his ground against the most desperate attacks of the enemy: the Lieutenant-General Hillier kept his position on the left flank of the enemy, and the victory was decided in this quarter. The corps was therefore again formed in two lines, and thus awaited the approaching events.

Corps of the General of Cavalry, Count Bellegarde.

Count Bellegarde, having received a message from General Wacquant

that the enemy was assembling in force before Aspern, towards the Bushy Meadow, and apparently had in view an assault upon that point, was just going to throw a fresh battalion of Argentean's into Aspern, when the enemy, in heavy columns of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous artillery, began to advance upon the centre of the corps in the plain.

The troops stationed at Aspern, exhausted as they were with the incessant fire kept up during the night, were unable to withstand the impetuosity of the attack: their ammunition both for artillery and musquetry began to fail, and General Wacquant retreated in good order to the churchyard. This post, gained at so dear a rate, was again taken from him, after several attacks sustained in conjunction with Lieutenant-General Hiller: the place was alternately taken and lost, till at length the superiority of our fire obliged the enemy to abandon the houses, and a last assault of Hiller's corps prevented all farther attempts.

From the moment of the retaking of Aspern it became possible to oppose an offensive movement to the enemy advancing upon the centre, and to open upon his left flank and communication. The defence of Aspern was therefore left entirely to Hiller's corps, and while Count Bellegarde applied his right wing on Aspern, he formed his left and the centre in the direction of Esslingen, in such a manner that, by degrees, he gained the right flank of the enemy, compelled him to retreat, and, by the complete effect of the artillery, brought to bear upon the left wing, which commanded the whole space from Aspern to Esslingen, gave him a most severe defeat.

Corps of Lieutenant-General the Prince of Hohenzollern.

The dawn of morning was with this corps also the signal for the renewal of the gigantic conflict. The enemy's infantry was drawn up in large divisions, and between it the whole of the heavy cavalry was formed in masses. The General of cavalry, Prince Lichtenstein, on observing this order of battle, perceived the necessity of keeping up a close communication with the infantry placed near him; he therefore drew up his right wing *en echequier*, behind the corps of infantry, but kept his left wing together, with reserves posted in the rear.

A prodigious quantity of artillery covered the front of the enemy, who seemed desirous to annihilate our corps by the murderous fire of cannon and howitzers. Upwards of two hundred pieces of canon were engaged on both sides, and the oldest soldiers never recollect to have witnessed so tremendous a fire.

Vain was every effort to shake the intrepidity of the Austrian troops. Napoleon rode through his ranks, and according to the report of the prisoners, made them acquainted with the destruction of his bridge, but added, that he had himself ordered it to be broken down, because in this case there was no alternative, but victory or death. Soon afterwards the whole of the enemy's line put itself in motion, and the cavalry made its principal attack on the point where the corps of cavalry of Prince Lichtenstein communicated with the left wing of Lieutenant-General the Prince of Hohenzollern. The engagement now became general; the regiments of Rohan, D'Aspre, Joseph Colloredo and Stain, repulsed all the attacks of the enemy. The Generals were every where at the head of their troops, and inspired them with courage and perseverance. The Archduke himself seized the colours of Zach's, and the battalion, which had already begun to give way, followed with new enthusiasm his heroic example. Most of those who surrounded him were wounded; his Adjutant-Gen. Count Colloredo, received a ball in his head, the wound from which was considered dangerous: a squeeze of the hand signified to him the concern of his sympathizing commander, who, filled with contempt of death, now fought for glory and for his country.

The attacks of our impenetrable corps, both with the sabre and the bayonet, so rapidly repeated and so impetuous, as to be unparalleled in military annals, frustrated all the intentions of the enemy.

He was beaten at all points, and astonished at such undaunted intre-

pidity, he was obliged to abandon the field of battle.

About this time Lieut.-Gen. the Prince of Hohenzollern observed on his left wing, near Esslingen, a chasm, which had been formed during the heat of the engagement, and afforded an advantageous point of attack.—French's regiment, commanded by Colonel Mecsery, was ordered thither in three corps, and repulsed four regiments of cavalry, accompanied with infantry and artillery. The corps remained in the position which they had taken, till the grenadiers of the Reserve, which the Archduke had ordered forward from Brietenlee, arrived to relieve the battalions exhausted with the sanguinary conflict, and continued the attack upon the centre of the enemy's position. Lieut.-Gen. D'Aspre penetrated with the four battalions of grenadiers of Pizezinsky, Putrony, Scovaux, and Scarlach, without firing a shot, to the enemy's cannon, where he was flanked by such a destructive fire from Esslingen, that nothing but the presence of the Archduke, who hastened to the spot, could have induced his grenadiers to maintain their ground. Captain Count Dombbasle had already reached the enemy's battery, when he was wounded by two balls, and quitted the field.

About noon the Archduke ordered a new assault upon Esslingen, which was immediately undertaken by Field-Marshal-Lieutenant D'Aspre with the grenadier battalions of Kirchenbetter and Scovaux on the left, and Scarlach and Gregory in front. Five times did these gallant troops rush up to the very walls of the houses, burning internally and placed in a state of defence; some of the grenadiers thrust their bayonets into the enemy's loopholes; but all their efforts were fruitless, for their antagonists fought the fight of despair. The Archduke ordered the grenadiers to take up their former position, and when they afterwards volunteered to renew the assault, he would not permit them, as the enemy was then in full retreat.

Corps of Field-Marshal Lieut. Prince Rosenberg.

Both divisions of this corps, which, in advancing to the engagement, had composed the fourth and fifth columns, were formed before break of day for a new attack, for which the enemy likewise made preparation on his side, but with a manifest superiority in numbers.

Prince Rosenberg resolved to attack the village of Esslingen with the Archduke Charles's regiment of infantry, to push forward his other troops in battalions, and in particular to go and meet the enemy, who was advancing in the open country between Esslingen and the nearest arm of the Danube.

The village was already gained, and battalions advancing on the left, obliged the enemy, drawn up in several lines, to yield. The most violent cannonade was kept up incessantly on both sides, and it was sustained by the troops with the greatest fortitude.

Favoured by a fog, which suddenly came on, the enemy's heavy cavalry ventured to attack on all sides the corps formed by Sztarray's and Hiller's regiment of infantry. These brave fellows received him with fixed bayonets, and at the last moment poured in their fire with such effect, that the enemy was compelled to betake himself to flight with considerable loss. Five times were these attacks on Sztarray's and Hiller's regiment repeated, and each time they were repelled with equal courage and resolution. The cavalry contributed all that lay in their power to the pursuit of the enemy and the support of the infantry.

Coburg's, the Archduke Louis's, and Czatorisky's regiments belonging to the division of Lieutenant-General Dedovich, stationed on the right, renewed the exertions of the preceding day with the same distinction and the same success. After this severe conflict, the enemy seemed to have no inclination to expose himself to any fresh disaster, and confined himself merely to the operation of his superior artillery.

About eleven *a. m.* Prince Rosenberg received orders from the Archduke, commander-in-chief, to make a new attack upon Esslingen, and a message to the same effect was sent to Lieutenant-General Dedovich, who commanded the right division of this corps.

Prince Rosenberg immediately formed two columns of attack under the conduct of Lieutenant-Generals Princes Hohenlohe and Rohan, while Lieut.-General Dedovich advanced against the citadel of the place, and the magazines surrounded with walls and ditches.

The attack was made with redoubled bravery, and our troops rushed with irresistible impetuosity into the village. Still, however, they found it impossible to maintain this post, into which the enemy kept continually throwing new reinforcements, which was of the utmost importance for covering his retreat, which he had already resolved upon, and which he defended with an immense sacrifice of lives. Prince Rosenberg therefore resolved to confine himself to the obstinate maintenance of his own position, to secure the left flank of the army, and to encrease the embarrassment of the enemy by an incessant fire from all the batteries.

In the night between the 22d and 23d the enemy accomplished his retreat to the Lobau, and at three in the morning his rear-guard also had evacuated Esslingen and all the points which he had occupied on the left bank of the Danube. Some divisions pursued him closely, and took possession as near as possible of the necessary posts of observation.

Thus terminated a conflict of two days, which will be ever memorable in the annals of the world, and in the history of war. It was the most obstinate and bloody that has occurred since the commencement of the French revolution.

It was decisive for the glory of the Austrian arms, for the preservation of the monarchy, and for the correction of the public opinion.

The infantry has entered upon a new and brilliant career, and by the firm confidence it has manifested in its own energies, has paved the way to new victories. The enemy's cavalry has seen its acquired but hitherto untried glory dissipated by the masses of our battalions, whose cool intrepidity it was unable to endure.

Cavalry and artillery have surpassed themselves in valour, and in the space of two days have performed achievements sufficient for a whole campaign.

Three pieces of cannon, seven ammunition waggons, 17,000 French muskets, and about 3000 cuirasses fell into the hands of the conqueror. The loss on both sides was very great: this, and the circumstance that very few prisoners were taken by either party, proves the determination of the combatants either to conquer or die.

The Austrian army laments the deaths of eighty-seven superior officers, 4199 subalterns and privates.

Lieutenant-Generals Prince Rohan, Dedovich, Weber, and Frenel, Generals Winzingerode, Grill, Neustadter, Siegenthal, Colloredo, May Hohenfeld, and Buresch, six hundred and sixty-three officers, and 15,651 subalterns and privates were wounded. Of these Field-Marshal-Lieut. Weber, eight officers, and 829 men were taken prisoners by the enemy.

The loss of the enemy was prodigious, and exceeds all expectation. It can only be accounted for by the effect of our concentric fire on an exceedingly confined field of battle, where all the batteries crossed one another, and calculated by the following authentic data.

Generals Lasnes, D'Espagne, St. Hilaire, and Albuquerque are dead; Massena, Bessieres, Mohtor, Bouder, Legrand, Lasalle, and the two brothers Legrange wounded; Durosnel and Fouler taken.

Upwards of 7000 men, and an immense number of horses were buried in the field of battle; five thousand and some hundred wounded lie in our hospitals. In Vienna and the suburbs there are at present 28,773 wounded; many were carried to St. Polten, Enns, and as far as Linz; 2,300 were taken. Several hundreds of corpses floated down the Danube, and are still daily thrown upon its shores; many met their death in the island of Lobau, and since the water has fallen in the smaller arms of the river, innumerable bodies, thus consigned by their comrades to everlasting oblivion, have become visible. The burying of the sufferers is not yet over, and a pestilential air is wafted from the theatre of death.

His imperial Highness, the Gene-

ralissimo, has indeed undertaken the duty so dear to his heart, of acquainting the monarch and the country with the names of those who took the most active share in the achievements of these glorious days; but he acknowledges with profound emotion, that, amidst the rivalship of the highest military virtues, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the most valiant, and declares all the soldiers of Aspern worthy of public gratitude.

His Imperial Highness considers the intelligent dispositions of the chief of his staff, Gen. Baron Wimpffen, and his incessant exertions, as the foundation of the victory.

The officers commanding corps have rendered themselves deserving of the highest favours by uncommon devotedness, personal bravery, warm attachment to their sovereign, and their high sense of honour.

Their names will be transmitted to posterity with the achievements of the valiant troops who were under their direction. Colonel Smola, of the artillery, by his indefatigable activity in the proper application of the ordnance, and his well known bravery rendered the most important services.

[Here follows a very long list of the officers of all ranks, who had distinguished themselves; to which some achievements of a corporal and a few privates are added. Relative to the artillery it is also observed, "there are few but what highly distinguished themselves by deeds of the noblest daring, and contempt of every danger."]

FRENCH ACCOUNT *of the* ENGLISH EXPEDITION *to* FLUSHING, *&c.*

Remarks of the *Moniteur* on some Extracts from an English Newspaper of the 19th August, 1809.

STATE OF EUROPE.

"We cannot consider either the Austrian Monarchy, its armies, or its Sovereign, as humbled or crushed in the same degree as they were after the battle of Austerlitz.—No interviews in a windmill are mentioned."—(*Globe.*)

Note by the Moniteur.—If there has been no interview, it is because the Emperor Napoleon would have none. The first interview, in which the Emperor Napoleon gave peace to his enemy, having left no remembrance of gratitude in the breast of the latter, it became evident that a fresh interview would be to no purpose.

With regard to the difference between the situations of Austria, after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, it is this:—After the battle of Austerlitz, Russia was still allied with Austria; she had upon the Vistula a second army, which she might march; Prussia, who had signed the convention of the 2d of November, might take part in the war; in short, the army of Prince Charles was still untouched, and the whole of it might march. On the other hand, the important fortress of Raab, and the circles of Hungary, had not been occupied; Saxony did not yet form part of the confederation; and the position of Dresden must be considered as of some importance; in fine, the Dutchy of Warsaw belonged to Prussia, and the army of Gallicia, which now menaces Moravia, did not exist. At present, on the contrary, all the Austrian armies, all the Austrian fortresses, have been attacked and vanquished. There are hardly any vestiges remaining of the army which the Archduke John brought from Italy; and if it can still muster ten thousand men under arms, most of these men are only recruits. The grand army of Prince Charles being beaten at Eggmulth, at Ratisbon, at Esling, and at Wagram, has lost its best soldiers; and he himself, frightened at the spirit of intrigue and division which reigns in the Cabinet, has thrown up the command, and retired. The difference is not less great in the internal situation of the Monarchy: After the Peace of Presburgh, the French had only passed through the hereditary states; upon the present occasion, they have already made a stay in them of upwards of four months. At that time Austria had not made the last efforts; her population was still entire; at present many provinces have been so much depopulated by the levies in mass, that no other inhabitants are to be found in the villages than women and children. At that time all the revolutionary means, which had been taken, existed,

and might be employed; at present they have been taken, and have been taken in vain. The country is exhausted of men as well as of things.

"Meanwhile, an armament, formidable from its numbers (would we could say from the recognised talents and activity of its Commander!) sent from this country, has landed in Zealand. Had it fortunately been fitted out and dispatched six weeks earlier, such an invasion, directed against countries so near to France, and against rivers or fortresses, in which Napoleon has been collecting the materials for invasion, during many years, might have powerfully operated on the Danube."—(*Globe.*)

Note of the Moniteur—The expedition against Zealand could not have any result for England. It might occasion some embarrassments, some fresh burdens to the people of France; but these they do not calculate, when any proofs of zeal or devotedness are to be given to the country; it could give the English nothing but shame; it could be attended with no other result than to make them lose an army, whilst it would procure a new army to the Emperor. These prognostics have been perfectly verified.

We say that the expedition could not be attended with any result, because it was necessary to begin by making the siege of Flushing. Flushing, provided the island of Walcheren be inundated, must be considered, by every sensible officer, as a place impregnable by a regular siege, or at least as presenting difficulties which the labour of four months would be unable to vanquish. In this instance, the wisest calculations were baffled. Flushing, when the besiegers' trenches were still 300 paces from the body of the fortress, when there was no breach, when the body of the fortress was untouched, surrendered by the sole effect of the terror of a bombardment. Is this cowardice; Is it treason? The sequel of the enquiry will prove which.

Thus, then, the sole opposition of Flushing, which detained the English expedition only twenty days, ought to have detained it three months.

Of all the chances of succeeding, certainly the one least expected by the English must have been such a success obtained by a bombardment; they required twenty days for that. Now, twenty days spent in the island of Walcheren, in the month of August, must have occasioned a number of sick, which cannot be computed at less than one in four soldiers; and to calculate otherwise would betray a total ignorance of the effects of that climate. When we say that twenty days spent in the island of Walcheren must cost the quarter of the troops which land in it, we may add, that the health of the other three quarters must be essentially impaired, and that all the weakened men are on the point of falling sick. It is, therefore, a most senseless attempt to land brave soldiers in that fatal country, and we must consider the English army as destroyed, or, at least, what remains of it, as unable to do much duty for several months to come.

But, in fine, after the siege of Flushing, we had to expect the siege of Fort Batz, which, communicating by water with Bergen-op-Zoom and with Fort St. Martin, which the French have built opposite to it, could in like manner not be taken, but after works and trenches carried on in a country, the climate of which is as fatal as that of Walcheren.—It is true, that the English were fortunate! A Dutch General, called Bruce, the shame of the military name, and whose head the nation must have to fall upon the scaffold, evacuated this fort, through an unexampled panic, six hours before the English arrived. Here, then, we again behold the English enjoying a good fortune upon which they could not rely—but these fortunate events, purchased with the ever-increasing diminution of their army, whither could they carry them? To burn the French squadron. To effect this, it was necessary to take Antwerp. But, in fine, the French squadron being taken and burned, it remains to be known, whether such an operation was worth what it has cost? and whether it be very prudent to go to an expense of many men, and of forty or fifty millions, in order to occasion one's enemy a loss of between fifteen and twenty millions?

But the ships at Antwerp could not

be taken. They did not depend upon the occupation of Flushing, upon that of Walcheren, nor of any island: they depended upon the continent. It was necessary to take Antwerp! The English, who, for this long time past, have not travelled upon the Continent, consulted information collected six years ago, and imagined that Antwerp was still an open town, as it was when it was only a trading port; they did not take into their calculation the works of these latter years, especially those which the Emperor has caused to be raised, since his journey to Antwerp. Upon establishing a dock-yard in that town, he ordered its fortifications to be again raised; it is now surrounded with a bastioned rampart. The ditch, filled with water, which covers this rampart, has been repaired; the left of the town is covered by an immense inundation, which removes the approaches upwards of 1500 fathoms; the right is supported by the citadel, which is a fine piece of fortification; upon this front several works have been established; among others, a fine half-moon, with its counterscarp. Upon the left banks of the Scheldt there are no houses, but the Head of Flanders has been re-established, and its works are protected by an inundation of two thousand fathoms in extent. The English could not, therefore, take Antwerp without besieging it, without methodically opening the trenches, without working on through the inundations and marshes, in short, without having invested the town; and if they must invest it on both sides, they would require to have two armies: 1st, One between the Head of Flanders and the town of St. Nicholas, opposite to Brussels and to the road of France: indeed, we know no General bold enough to take this position with less than eight thousand infantry, and between eight and ten thousand cavalry, since he must have to withstand the army which should arrive from France; and the troops should stretch out from the Head of Flanders, that is to say, the whole garrison of Antwerp, which is a combined attack, would sally out on that side. 2d, On the side of the town, the investment could not reasonably take place with an army of less than 40,000 men, having in front a corps of observation, to keep in check the army of the Duke of Valmy, assembled at Maestricht, which would draw near Antwerp, and having another corps towards Bergen-op-Zoom, against the Dutch. It would therefore have been easier for Lord Chatham to take Brussels, to march against Ghent, and to advance as far as Flanders, leaving Antwerp and the French army behind him, than to undertake to invest Antwerp and besiege it.

This much with regard to the same side.

[*To be continued.*]

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CORNWALL.

DIED.] Lately, at Falmouth, Mr. Nathaniel Hingston, a merchant and contractor, of the first respectability. This gentleman was of such great bulk and stature, that a part of his house was obliged to be pulled down, to permit him to be carried from his chamber. He was inclosed in three coffins—the external one of lead; which was 6 ft. 6 in. long, 2½ ft. deep, and 3 ft. 2 in. wide. He was drawn about ten miles, to the place of interment, on very strong wheels, (for no hearse could bear him,) and put into the grave by tackles fixed to a large tree, which overhung the spot. Although the day on which he was interred was extremely unfavourable, thousands of persons attended the funeral, and every chaise, within 50 miles, was put in requisition on the occasion.

CUMBERLAND.

The Free Grammar School at St. Bees, near Whitehaven, founded by Archbishop Grindal, in the year 1597, has not undergone any material change since that period, until the present time. Occasional repairs were indeed found absolutely necessary, for the support of the buildings; but no improvement seems ever to have been attempted. Through the munificence of the Earl of Lonsdale, this long-respected seminary is now put into complete order, and made more suitable to the purpose intended by the

pious founder, than it has been at any time since its erection. Exclusive of what has been done at the spacious school-room, the library is rendered more commodious. The master's house (which adjoins the school,) has been enlarged; some parts of it rebuilt; a good garden walled round; and the whole made a very comfortable and eligible residence.

KENT.

The Earl of Dundonald has engaged Mr. Callaway's worsted-mill, near Canterbury, where his lordship purposes to introduce a new manufactory, the intention of which we cannot better explain, than by inserting the following copy of an address from the noble Earl, which has been circulated amongst those who are concerned in the worsted-hosiery trade:—

"Kent produces the *best* wool for the worsted and hosiery trades of any county in England, and yet there are none of those branches established in the county: indeed, few manufactures of any kind.

"The worsted-hosiery trade has hitherto been confined principally to the counties of Leicester, Nottingham, part of Warwick, and Derby; to each of those counties the Kent wool is sent at a *considerable expense* in carriage, besides *other charges*: the author of this short statement, begs leave to call the attention of the inhabitants of the county of Kent to the manufacturing, *in the county*, the wool which is grown, thus finding employment for all ages and sexes.

"Next to food, clothing, in this *northern climate*, must be deemed an *article of primary necessity*. The writer of this, who has for a considerable time past made the proper spinning of worsted and all kinds of wool his particular study, and has improved the worsted machinery, so that he spins *twice as fine* and *double the quantity* that has hitherto been spun by the *common* worsted spinning machinery, has engaged Mr. Callaway's worsted-mill, for some years, late in the possession of Messrs. Fellows and Myers in London, in order to *lead the way* and to *introduce* a spirit of *manufacturing industry* into the county of Kent; (although he is a Peer) he is convinced, that no man of sense will think the worse of him because he is a mechanic and a manufacturer, and he shall ever be happy to communicate his ideas and improvements to persons desirous of adopting them."

NORFOLK.

At the late Sessions for the city of Norwich, leave was obtained, on the part of Major Turner, to exhibit articles of the peace against Mrs. Sinclair Sutherland. These articles, after a recital of the former charges, and the decision of the Court upon them, further stated, that Mrs. S. Sutherland had, at the last Sessions, given her own recognizance, which was of no effect, she being a married woman; that only seven days after entering into this recognizance, she came again upon Major Turner's premises, at Buckenham, in this county, whilst he was there present, looking into his parlour windows, and using offensive and provoking language, and that this conduct she repeated on several occasions afterwards, staying for one or two hours at a time; that Major Turner having, in order to avoid her, retired into an upper apartment of his house, Mrs. S. Sutherland procured a ladder, which, setting against the wall of the said apartment, she mounted, and looked in at the window; that within these few days last past, Major T. received a letter, written by Mrs. S. containing expressions liable to construction injurious to his character. To the truth of these articles Major T. swore in presence of the Court, who determined that Mrs. Sinclair Sutherland should find two sureties in 100l. each for keeping the peace towards Major Turner for one year. On the lady not being prepared to comply with this decision, she was committed to the Castle; whence, however, she was released the same afternoon, two gentlemen, one an inhabitant of this city, and the other of New Buckenham, having agreed to be bound for her in the penalties above mentioned. The court decided upon the question, when there appeared—Ayes 24—Noes 10; there being 34 Magistrates present who voted.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Bath, Mrs. Franks, daughter of Capt. Russell, aged 52 years; her loss is extremely regretted by the afflicted; her whole life was a

pattern, as a christian, a wife, and a mother.

At Bristol, aged 19, John Dawes Worgan. He was a Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar; had added the acquirement of the French, Italian, and other modern languages; and was a poet of no mean order. He had been for some time domestic tutor to the sons of Dr. Jenner, who discovered his brilliant talents, but whose sagacity always predicted an early grave to this specimen of premature genius. He was a sincere Christian, of amiable manners, and unimpeachable morals.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Smradiatka, a bathing-place in Moravia, died lately the *Howard* of Austria, Count Von Berchbold, a victim of his humane efforts. He travelled in Europe for 18 years, and four years in Asia and Africa, in order to become acquainted with the happiness and wretchedness of mankind, and every where to promote the former, and mitigate the latter. He was the founder of the Moravian Humane Society and of the Establishment of Preservation at Prague and Brunn. Not one hour of his life passed unprofitably. At this period he had converted his fine Castle of Buchlowitz, in Moravia, into an hospital for sick and wounded Austrians, in attending whom he caught an epidemic fever, which terminated his life.

At Philadelphia, aged about 86 years, James Pemberton, Esq. of the society called Quakers; by which, no less than by the community at large, he was eminently distinguished for the upright discharge of his religious and civil duties. He was long the colleague of Dr. Benjam Franklin, in representing that (his native) city, in the general legislature of Pensylvania, previous to the revolution; and after it, he succeeded the philosopher as president of the society, instituted for promoting the interests of the enslaved Africans; which, with various other benevolent objects, engaged a large proportion of his time more than half a century. On the 13th, at the interment of his remains, the respect felt for his memory was manifested by a very numerous attendance of his fellow citizens, of all ranks and denominations. His temperature, and regular habits, contributed to preserve, almost to the last, the unimpaired enjoyment of his intellectual faculties, with a capacity for exerting them; and his closing moments evinced the peaceful retrospect of a well-spent life.—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

At Cronroe, I. Ambrose Eccles, Esq. a character of the highest respectability. A profound scholar, a perfect gentleman, he was an ornament to society. As a critic, he was distinguished amongst the commentators on Shakspeare. On the qualities of his heart, it is not, at present, intended to expatiate. Perhaps a better husband, a better father, and, in every respect, a better man never existed. After a regular course of education, in the college of Dublin, he went to the Continent. Here his stay was not long. From France he proceeded to Italy, but ill health limited his tour in that inreresting country. From Rome he returned to Florence, where he studied the Italian language, with great assiduity and success, under a celebrated professor. But he was soon compelled, by the state of his health, to return home. On his way, he paused in London, where he contrived to reside sometime, associating with some of the remarkable literary characters of the day. With the late Dr. Johnson, he boasted no intimacy, but he had met him at Tom Davies's, and paid the most respectful attention to his conversation. Some of his opinions and remarks, which had impressed themselves deeply upon his memory, he used to take pleasure in repeating. Revering Tillotson, he was surprised to hear the Doctor call him "a pitiful fellow." But he was still more astonished to hear him acknowledge, "long after he had been employed in preparing his Shakspeare for the public eye, indeed a very short time before it issued from the press, that he had never yet read the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher."—During his residence in London, the theatre engaged much of his attention, and his passion for that elegant amusement grew with his years. He followed the best performers from

theatre to theatre, and studied the best dramatic writers. From an admirer he became a critic. Idolising Shakspeare, he often lamented that his dramas had suffered in their structure, from the ignorance or carelessness of the first editors. This determined him to attempt a transposition of the scenes, in a few places, from the order in which they have been handed down by successive editions. "This," he continues in the modest preface to his edition of *Lear*, "will doubtless be thought by many a hardy innovation; but if it be considered in what a disorderly and neglected state this author's pieces are reported to have been left by him, and how little certainty there is that the scenes have hitherto preserved their original arrangement, the presumption with which this attempt is chargeable will admit of much extenuation; and it were, at least, to be wished that no privilege of alteration more injurious to Shakspeare, had ever been assumed by any of his editors." What he attempted, he has accomplished with great ingenuity and much taste in his editions of the following plays:—*Lear and Cymbeline*, Dub. 1793, and the *Merchant of Venice*, Dub. 1805. To each play he has assigned a separate volume, containing not only notes and illustrations of various commentators, with remarks by the editor, but the several critical and historical essays that have appeared at different times, respecting each piece. To *Cymbeline* he has added a new translation of the ninth story of *Second Day of the Decamerone*, and an original air, which accompanies the words of the elegy on *Fidele's* death, composed on purpose for his publication, by Sig. Giordani. These editions will yet be considered as a valuable accession to the critical labours of the commentators of our immortal bard. According as they are better known, they will rise in estimation. The praise bestowed on them by the author of an Essay on the revival of the drama in Italy, note 8, p. 270, is only justice to their merit. "*As you like it*" was prepared for the press upon the same plan, but it sleeps with the editor.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

SEPT. 24, to OCT. 24, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]——*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ALDERSON T. G. jun. Bury St. Edmund's, printer, (Giles, Great Shire-lane). Alcocks J. Nettlebed, victualler, (Attwood, Ensham, Oxford). Arton J. Great Driffield, grocer, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings).

Browne J. and Powell J. Liverpool, merchants, (Blackstock, London). Ball R. East Brent, Somerset, mercer, (Blake, Cook's-court, Carey street). Brown T. Leeds, flax-spinner, (Exley and Co. Furnival's Inn). Bryan T. Mincing-lane, broker, (Owen and Co. Bartlett's-buildings). Brewer T. Baldwin's-gardens, tin-plate-worker, (Parton, Walbrook). Birt J. Leekhampton, Gloucester, farmer, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Buck G. Cockspur-street, tailor, (Smith, Charles-street).

Chetham J. Heaton-Norris, Manchester, check-manufacturer, (Lingard, Heaton-Norris). Chadwick A. Bredbury, widow, (Edge, Inner-Temple). Chadwick J. Bredbury, hat manufacturer, (Edge, Inner-Temple). Chadwick J. Lower Thames-street, victualler, (Popkin, Dean-street). Chase D. Dean-street, leather-factor, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). Comfort M. Brighthelmstone, carpenter, (Fourle and Co. Doughty-street). Cuming T. Castle-court, merchant, (Gregson and Co. Angel-court). Chadwick A. and Chadwick J. Bredbury-green, hatters, (Milne and Co. Temple).

Dean D. sen. Dean D. jun. and Dean J. St. John's-street, cheesemongers, (Willet, and Co. Finsbury-square). Dindale J. Kingston-upon-Hull, dealer, (Pierce, Kirby-street). Duchatelay, L. D. Great Scotland-yard, distiller, (Popkin, Dean-street). Drury J. F. Clerkenwell-green, brass-founder, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's Inn).

Favell E. and J. Cambridge, painters, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). Francis J. Leather-lane, leather-seller, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). France S. Liverpool, butcher, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Fuller J. Lewes, butcher, (Turner, Bouverie-street).

Greaves B. and J. Moseley, Lancaster, merchants, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Gosling S. Stockport, cotton-dealer, (Avison, Liverpool). Gale J. New London-street, merchant, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Garnons C. Holborn, trunk-maker, (Popkin, Dean street)

Harrison J. Southwick, ship-owner, (Hartley, New Bridge-street). Hollis R. Reading, grocer, (Jenkins and Co. New-Inn). Hale H. and H. H. Birchin-lane,

merchants, (Alliston, Freeman's court). Hunt, R. Nottingham, mercer, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn-square). Halliday T. Baildon, York, worsted-spinner, (Evans, Hatton-Garden). Hey M. Cateaton-street, warehouseman, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Hewett J. West Bedfont, Staines, farmer, (Phillipson and Co. Staple-Inn). Houson J. Doncaster, victualler, (Bigg, Hatton-garden).

Knowles T. York, shopkeeper, (Nettleship, Grocers'-hall).

Leroux H. J. otherwise Leroux H. Canonbury-square, builder, (Denton and Co. Gray's-Inn). Lucas J. P. Birmingham, auctioneer, (Frowd, Temple).

Mullens, W. Cheam, Surrey, builder, (Fowler, Basing-lane). Mather T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, oilman, (Edge, Inner Temple). Metcalf J. New London-street, merchant, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Mitchell J. New Sleaford, grocer, (Wilson, Greville-street). Moore J. New Surrey-street, ironmonger, (Elstob, Catherine-court). Mather W. Dudley, tailor, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square).

Niner A. Totnes, Devon, grocer, (Williams, Austin-friars). Norris J. Portsmouth, baker, (Howard, Portsea). M'Neal N. London, merchant, (Nind, Throgmorton-street).

Pierce T. Canterbury, brazier, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Prynn A. A. St. Columb, mercer, (Hewlett, Roll's-buildings, Fetter-lane). Parkinson G. Bracklersbury, warehouseman, (Welch, Nicholas-lane). Perrin J. Portwood, cotton-spinner, (Newton and Co. Stockport). Pratt W. Bromley, victualler, (Popkin, Dean-street). Parker W. Bucknall Ironworks, Stafford, ironfounder, (Pritchard, Broseley, Shropshire).

Roberts R. Liverpool, merchant, (Warrand and Co. Castle-court). Robson T. Bishop-Weremouth, builder, (Blackiston, Symond's-Inn). Roscoe J. Liverpool, grocer, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Rouse W. Cheltenham, watch-maker, (Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Redfern J. Bury, Lancaster, baker, (Windle, John-street). Riley H. Somerhons, Halifax, cotton-spinner, (Hurd, King's Bench-Walks).

Stevenson J. Oxford-street, dealer and chapman, (Allen Berner's-street). Shaw D. Barnsley, York, mercer, (Wilson, Greville-street). Stratton G. Piccadilly, ironmonger, (Popkin, Dean-street). Seccombe J. Walkhampton, Devon, yarn-manufacturer; Hore, W. Grampound, woollen-manufacturer; Burley C. woollen-manufacturer; and Serle R. Saint Stephen's, Cornwall, woollen-manufacturer, (Fairbank, Ely-place). Shilliberr H. B. Plymouth-dock, auctioneer, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street).

Taylor W. White Horse-lane, Stepney, broker, (Latimer, Gray's-Inn-square). Timson J. W. and Baxter J. Liecester, linen-drapers, (Bleasdale and Co New-Inn). Tigwell J. Gosport, linen-draper, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). Taylor R. Blythe's-yard, Whitecross-street, chair-maker, (Russen and Co. Crown-court). Thompson H. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen draper, (Lockwood, jun. Essingwold).

Williams W. Liverpool, dealer and chapman, (Hulme, Russel-square). Windle E. W Rotherhithe-street, ironmonger, (Noy, Mincing-lane). Wood T. Stockport, tailor, (Newton and Co. Stockport). Woodman C. Chesham, wine-merchant, (Tilbury and Co. Bedford-row). Williams J. Cadoxton, near Neath, Glamorgan, ironmonger, (Williams and Co Lincoln's-Inn).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Oct. 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 131*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 183*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 128*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
East Country ditto, 90*l.* per share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 220*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 6*l.* per share prem.
Thames and Medway ditto, 22*l.* ditto
Kennett and Avon ditto, 45*l.* per share
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 121*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 55*l.* ditto
Hope ditto, par
Eagle ditto, par
Atlas ditto, par
Imperial Fire Assurance, 64*l.* per share.
Kent ditto, 47*l.* ditto.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 126*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London Water Works, 137*l.* pr. share
East London ditto, 226*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 136*l.* per share
Portsmouth and Farlington ditto, 10*l.* per share prem.
Kent ditto, 30*l.* ditto
Huddersfield Canal 41*l.* per share
Wilts and Berks ditto 46*l.* ditto.
Croydon ditto, 50*l.* ditto.
Auction Mart, 36*l.* ditto.

L. Wolfe and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late favourable state of the weather has been peculiarly serviceable for getting in the rest of the harvest, particularly in the northern districts.

The situation of the wheat crops, especially in low and wet situations, has been much mended; and the dibbling system seems generally taking place of the drill practice. It is generally agreed, that the potatoe crops have turned out well, both in quality and produce; but the continued rains in the month of September, have injured large tracts of turnip, and other green crops beyond recovery.

The quantity of grass, as might have been expected, has been unusually great in the midland and southern districts; a circumstance which has contributed to the late high price of lean stock: the after grass, particularly in Middlesex, has been abundant.

The hop plantations in Sussex and some part of Mid-Kent are more productive than east Kent, but they all fall short of the quantity at which they have been estimated.—The Farnham plantation, with the exception of about twenty or thirty acres near the town, is very unproductive. Worcester, Essex, and the north clays, are also much blighted. Weyhill fair is expected to produce a very small supply of hops; but as the buyers last fair purchased sufficient for two years' consumption, the demand cannot be great.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.;—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.;—Veal, 5s. to 6s.;—Pork, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.

Middlesex, Oct. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Oct. 14, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	112	0	60	1	50	8	37	5
Surrey	115	0	58	0	52	0	40	10
Hertford	100	6	59	6	46	0	36	8
Bedford	100	9	60	5	49	0	36	10
Huntin.	102	4	———		48	8	33	6
Northa.	104	0	72	0	52	8	35	6
Rutland	109	6	75	0	58	3	37	6
Leicest.	106	10	67	9	56	10	36	11
Notting.	108	4	63	0	58	0	37	4
Derby	105	8	———		———		40	4
Stafford	121	4	———		61	5	39	7
Salop	106	8	74	0	63	11	37	10
Herefor.	108	2	54	4	50	10	38	4
Wor'st.	116	9	56	10	65	10	43	0
Warwic	119	4	———		72	10	43	8
Wilts	105	4	———		53	0	38	8
Berks	109	9	65	0	49	3	35	10
Oxford	113	0	———		49	9	39	6
Bucks	111	0	———		48	3	38	6
Brecon	121	7	72	0	57	0	28	8
Montgo.	106	4	———		62	5	29	7
Radnor.	119	6	———		52	2	32	0

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	112	4	56	6	51	4	36	8
Kent	106	0	60	0	45	9	37	0
Sussex	106	8	———		51	0	35	0
Suffolk	95	3	54	9	46	11	33	10
Cambridge	104	1	68	0	46	0	27	5
Norfolk	97	4	55	0	44	5	31	8
Lincoln	107	3	64	10	53	5	29	1
York	94	7	67	3	48	0	29	3
Durham	93	8	———		———		31	6
Northumberland	91	2	68	0	48	0	31	0
Cumberland ..	103	4	69	8	51	0	32	6
Westmorland ..	113	4	76	0	51	2	32	6
Lancaster	102	2	———		48	3	34	1
Chester	100	3	———		65	8	42	9
Flint	121	6	———		59	5	———	
Denbigh	116	5	———		59	1	34	1
Anglesea	———		———		———		27	0
Carnarvon	105	4	———		50	4	27	0
Merioneth	108	4	———		56	0	30	2
Cardigan	92	0	———		48	0	16	0
Pembroke	81	10	———		44	7	18	6
Carmarthen....	100	8	———		51	4	18	0
Glamorgan	101	6	———		53	8	24	0
Gloucester	115	1	———		64	2	———	
Somerset	111	11	———		58	0	29	8
Monmouth	117	11	———		58	3	———	
Devon	99	9	———		47	8	———	
Cornwall	96	1	———		42	7	24	5
Dorset	113	10	———		50	0	36	0
Hants	111	4	———		51	4	35	5

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 106s. 7d.; Rye 64s. 3d.; Barley 53s. 1d.; Oats 33s. 4d.; Beans 62s. 1d.; Pease 62s. 8d.; Oatmeal 53s. 8d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from SEPT. 27, to OCT. 24, 1809.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.				
Males 765	1500	Males, 565	1092	Between	2 and 5 - 127	60 and 70 - 75
Females 735		Females 527			5 and 10 - 52	70 and 80 - 58
Whereof have died under two years old			330		10 and 20 - 37	80 and 90 - 16
					20 and 30 - 87	90 and 100 - 2
					30 and 40 - 106	
					40 and 50 - 115	
					50 and 60 - 87	

Peck Loaf, 5s. 8d. 5s. 8d. 5s. 5d. 5s. 5d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from SEPTEMBER 26, to OCTOBER 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3p Cent. Reduc.	3 p Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Omnium.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p. C	Irish Ann	S. Sea Stock.	S Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	City Freeh. Ticks.	Cons. for Acct.
Sep.																			
26	Shut	Shut	68⅛ ⅜	shut	99½	shut	1 pm.	——	——	shut	shut	——	——	188¼	21s.pm	11s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
27	——	——	68⅛ ⅜	——	99½	——	1 pm.	67¾	——	——	——	——	——	——	21s.pm	11s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
28	——	——	68¼ ⅜	——	99⅝	——	——	67¾	7½	——	——	——	——	——	22s.pm	12s.pm	21 17	8 15	68½
29	holiday																		
30	——	——	68⅛ ¼	——	99¼	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	12s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
Oct.																			
2	——	——	68⅛ ¼	——	99¼	——	——	67⅝	——	——	——	——	——	——	23s.pm	12s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
3	——	——	68⅛ ¼	——	99¼	——	——	——	7½	——	——	——	——	187½	21s.pm	11s pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
4	——	——	68⅛ ¼	——	99¼	——	——	shut	shut	——	——	——	——	——	20s.pm	11s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
5	——	——	68⅛ ⅜	——	99⅜	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	20s.pm	8s.pm	21 17	8 15	68¼
6	——	——	68¼ ⅜	——	99⅜	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	188	20s pm	12s.pm	21 17	8 15	68¼
7	——	——	68⅜ ⅜	——	99½	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	22s.pm	12s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
9	——	——	68½ ⅜	——	99½	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	188½	22s.pm	12s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
10	——	——	68⅜ ½	——	99½	——	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	188¾	22s.pm	12s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
11	260½	67¾	68⅜ ½	82¾	99½	18 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	188¾	24s.pm	14s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
12	260½	67⅞	68⅓ ⅝	82⅞	99¾	18⅜	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	28s.pm	15s.pm	21 17	8 15	68⅜
13	——	67⅞	68½ ⅝	82⅞	99⅞	18 7-16ths	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	190	27s.pm	15s.pm	21 17	8 15	69
14	——	67⅞	68½ ⅝	82⅞	100	18 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	27s.pm	16s pm	21 17	8 15	69
16	——	67⅝	68⅓ ⅝	82⅞	100	18 7-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	27s.pm	16s.pm	21 17	8 15	69
17	——	68	68⅝ ¾	83	100¼	18 7-16ths	1¼ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	191	27s.pm	17s.pm	21 17	8 15	69⅛
18	holiday																		
19	264	68⅛	68¾ ⅞	83⅛	100⅜	18½	1¼ pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	192	27s.pm	16s.pm	21 17	8 15	69⅛
20	265	68	68⅛ ⅞	83	100⅛	18⅛	1 pm.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	26s.pm	16s.pm	21 17	8 15	69⅛
21	267½	68¼	69⅛	83¼	100⅝	18 9-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	68¼	——	193½	26s.pm	17s.pm	——	8 15	69¼
23	268¼	68¼	69⅛ 69	83¼	100⅝	18 9-16ths	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	26s.pm	16s.pm	——	8 15	69¼
24	——	68¼	69⅛	83¼	100⅞	18 9-16ths	1¼ pm	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	24s.pm	14s.pm	——	8 15	69¼
25	holiday																		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.